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TROUT-BOOK OF THE YEAR.

IV.

SOMETHING MORE ABOUT TROUT-FISHING AMONG THE GREEN MOUNTAINS. — THE EXPLOIT OF BARROWS IN CAPTURING A MAGNIFICENT TROUT IN A BRANCH OF THE WINOOSKI RIVER, WITH AN ACCOUNT OF HIS TACTICS ON THE OCCASION. — A PARTICULAR DESCRIPTION OF THE FISH. — THE PRESENT STATE OF HAWKING. — SOME REMARKS OF OLD JEREMY BARTOLDEUS ABOUT FISHING, TOGETHER WITH A FEW MORAL REFLECTIONS OF THE AUTHOR.

My friend Barrows of these regions, who has had much experience in the State of Maine, and in the Adirondack wilderness, is distinguished not only for tact and elegant skill, but for high principles in the art of angling. Nature more than practice has made him what he is. *Piscator nascitur non fit*. He despises to fish except with fly, or to take unfair advantage. He manufactures his own rods and flies, and imports his own hooks, which are the very best, (O'Shaunessy, I believe.) He is patient, placid, vigilant, undemonstrative, admirable in manœuvre, and in achievement often brilliant. His victory over some veteran of the flood, who has for years sailed with *noli me tangere*, and 'catch-me-if-you-can' upon his colors, has sometimes resulted from a well-managed campaign a full hour in duration, whose tactics were devised from no system of the books, but adapted to the occasion. No man will commit more mistakes in practical matters than one who acts unelastically according to formulæ, or fixed, rigid rules. In statesmanship, in diplomacy, in politics of every kind, you must, for success, bring the same judgment, common-sense, and flexibility to bear which you would use in capturing an old, cool, calm, cautious, calculating trout, decorated with all the orders of piscatory nobility, than which no more agreeable trophy can be brought in at set of sun into camp PICNICK.

Barrows took in June last the handsomest fish I have ever seen among these mountains: and 'I am now to describe,' as honest Izaak would say, the process. He was a rare specimen, not only for size and sleekness, but for symmetry of form, and gorgeous coloration. It was in a branch of the Winooski River, where many years ago trout were abundant, but are now scarce, and but few are taken in a

season. The banks were covered with a dense growth of bushes, and the angler had managed to clamber to the summit of a rock with a few shelving steps in mid-stream, about fourteen feet above the surface of the water, from which, with his long rod, he could throw off into divers distant, deep, dark pools. He had been for several minutes soliciting with a seductive fly, causing it to tip and touch, hover and skip over some ice-cold, secluded coves — trembling, poisoning, darting, trailing — cheating image of insect life! We from the steep hill-side were attempting to force our way down through the crackling under-brush to drop in our lines as well, when waved off and exhorted to silence by a pantomime easily understood. We sat down, overlooking the whole play. The scenery in the foreground was picturesque, and of a brilliant freshness, the plot intricate but developed with skill, the principal actor unsurpassed for a sylvan theatre, and the dying scene inexpressibly fine. For thirty-five minutes, while the action lasted, the appreciative spectators were by degrees wound up to a pitch of excitement so intense, that it was signified not even by a murmur of applause or by the movement of a muscle. Even breath was well-nigh suspended, while hearts beat high and fast. Attracted by the artificial, gaudy butterfly, whose flirtations were managed almost as adroitly as they could have been by an Oriental juggler, a plumptious grandee of the brook had been so far roused from indifference as to take a little notice. He had surged up once or twice, made a visible agitation of the waters, tickled his nose with the tempting lure, thought better of it, retired to his profound fastness for meditation, and returned to the attack with a sensible rush, while etiquette alone prevented him from at once accepting the bait. Careful habit and reserve, elements in his character for years, superadded to experience, had bred that mistrust which, alas! is found in the upper air, upon the earth, and in the waters under the earth. That his attention was at last thoroughly aroused, and that he would soon act more decidedly, was manifest not only from his persistent approaches and disturbance of the superficies, but from the fixed gaze of the angler upon the rock, every turn of whose wrist, from our nearness we could distinguish. He drew his fly on the edges of bold rocks, let it float down a moment in the running rivulet, whipped it over upon the opposite bank when the waters were dull, or held it near to him. Sometimes he kept it hovering in the air, that it might cast below on some smooth surface its variegated shadow, or let it lightly fall where the water gurgitated between stones upon the lip of some tiny cataract, or where it was formed into a dimple, or where it was crimped up like an old lady's cap, or flashed off over white pebbles, beds of fine sand, or frothed like the white of an egg, when it is thrashed into a syllabub. It might be for a quarter of an hour

or more that this tantalizing was kept up, with instinct at one end of the line and intellect at the other. Perhaps old Hebrides would not have so regarded it. We upon the rocks were beginning to look upon the chances as desperate, and to classify this trout among those splendid fellows who are known to exist in our brooks, are sometimes seen and reported of almost fabulous size, but are never taken, except as the ass played upon the flute in the grass — by accident. But we were wrong, for that instant we perceived that he had struck, not exactly his colors, for he had fastened them to the mast. He was hooked, but let me anticipate by telling how, for not one angler in a score would have detained him a moment by such a tenure. A rude hand would as soon have held a porpoise by a cotton string. The barb had pierced him by a mere membrane in the very centre of his upper lip, from which the slightest jerk would have torn it away. Had he gulped the bait, the chances are that a single plunge would have been enough. In this critical emergency, the ordinary course would have perhaps been to reel out, and give him line, or on a passable meadow to go quietly with him, and play him down the stream, to overcome him by yielding to him, and so guide his struggles to a peaceful close. The advice would be: 'Do n't pull him against the stream, or he's lost.' Unless my observation deceived me, Barrows adopted a contrary mode. His feet were planted immovably upon the rock; I do n't think that he had any reel, or could have used one there to advantage. He gave what little play was afforded by the elastic tip of his rod, held the fish nearly tight, with his head up the stream, elevated a little, so that the water could pour into his 'jaws,' and drown him. We saw him thus with his mouth open, taking in the flood, desperately striving to change his course, but being held just so, by the nose, he could neither turn to the right nor to the left, nor dive downward. He could not get any purchase, not even the slightest, which was requisite to release him from his fastening, but occasionally in his impatience and mortification would shake his head like a dog. It required great steadiness of hand, and consummate coolness and skill, to keep him in his position, as a small allowance of slack line would have enabled him to tear away. See! another convulsion comes over him! Careful! or he will be off. All right! he turns over and gives a full view of his golden side, and beats the tide with his fins, he has fainted, he has expired. 'Patience,' said Barrows, not relaxing his hand, 'we cannot trust him as yet, the electricity has not all gone out of him; he may make one demonstration more.' Barrows spoke correctly, he struggled yet again, then gasping, and, quite spent, floated upon the wave.

Forgive me, O thou humane and gentle spirit! if I seem to thee to gloat ferocious over a dumb creature's pain.

It is a comfort that fish are so insensible, so cold-blooded. Can it, then, be said that to kill them is a cold-blooded murder?

That is a mere play upon words. VEGETARIAN, plants feel. If you cut them, do they not bleed? If you crush them, do they not writhe and die?

It was no easy matter to land this fine fish, although he was mastered, since it was thought that the shred by which he was held was not even strong enough to sustain his weight. He was carefully and by slow degrees drawn in. Barrows descended two or three stairs, crouched down, and holding the line off, lest the fish might still flop against the rock, and at the last moment the trophy he lost, drew him into his lap, thrust his thumb into his gills, and his fore-finger between his jaws, grasped him securely, and standing erect, held him limber but fresh and flashing above his head. We saluted him, after so long a silence, with vociferous applause, then scrambled down, and hurried to his position to gratify our eyes by a nearer view.

He justified every expectation which we had formed of him, and even more. He was in prime condition, being taken at the best season, his flesh firm, and in variety of colors he was beautiful exceedingly. His weight exceeded two pounds. As he lay extended upon a platter that evening, tucked up in his cold repose, with a little parsley, I wrote off an imperfect description, although he had lost somewhat of his primal splendor, much regretting the absence of a good painter to represent him as he then was. His length was precisely sixteen inches, and from the dorsal to below the ventral fin, he measured five inches. The head was bold, voracious-looking, but elegantly formed; all above the upper jaw to the end of the nose ink-black, the side of the head silver, mottled with black. The lateral line was straight as if strung with alternate beads of blue and gold. Below this were two irregular rows of vermilion speckles, interspersed with those of a paper color, and toward the termination of the tail constellations of gold. The lower part of the belly was white, thickly sprinkled with dark spots. The sides, back, dorsal and second dorsal fin were exquisitely varied with yellow spots on a ground of bluish gray. The pectoral, caudal, and rudder fin, with their various rays, were blood-red, edged with white. It was impossible, even with the creature before me, to convey any thing like an accurate idea of the many shades and multiform colors in that splendid illumination. He was one of Nature's master-pieces, and *To triumph!* was written all over him. What a loss he must have been when no more with easy grace but lightning speed, he flashed along thy limpid waves, O fair Winooski! There are few like him, and his very race must be soon extinct in these parts. Impatient of foul water they will give place to the chub, to the dace, or to the slimy

sucker, for every stream is becoming turbid with dust and chips, the chatter of mills is heard in the wilderness, the forests dwindle away, and the art of angling, like the courtly one of hawking, will be almost, if not quite, obsolete.

As respects hawking, I only refer to it as an artificial amusement for a few fair ladies, and their attendant knights, in the old countries; but in returning from this very excursion I saw a kingly hawk swoop down, and make a clutch at a smart young 'cock by hens attended,' upon a hill-side. The attempt was abortive, he only succeeded in tearing out a few feathers by the roots, for cockspur showed fight. The commotion of the hennery was intimated by cries of alarm so high-keyed, and by sudden action and instinctive movements for self-defence so interesting, that I reined in the horse, to be a looker-on. It was some moments before the agitation had subsided, and in the mean time the assailant wheeled off, deterred from another attack perhaps by our presence, and sat solemn and motionless upon a blasted pine — fit emblem of his disappointment.

'This much,' writes old Jeremy Bartoldus, several centuries ago, to his friend the curate of All - Souls, 'sufficeth as a faire Apologie for fysshynge, that ye Beastis of all kindes, do prey on One another. It be true that I goe not in companie of ye Red coated Gentry, albeit itt noe harm, none soever, to chase ye foxes, for they be cunningge exceedingly, and most predaciaus of all Vermin: but itt too wilde a sport ffor ye mild Clargy. Itt savours not of Sobrietie. Muche it grieve me to see your Countrie Parson after ye yelping houndis, and I saye 'Shame on you; be these dogs your flocks?' In vain one saye to mee: 'What sayth Scripture? Take us ye foxes, ye little foxes that spoil ye grapes.' I reple: 'They belong to my Lord or ye Squire. Look after your own vineyard.' But I think otherwise of fysshing. I doe goe fysshynge muche in ye sweet moneth of Maie, with Jenkyns of Westmoreland to hold converse with mee.

'No Sarvice I foregoe:
No littyl Ones neglect,
Ye barbed hook to throw
And keepe my Self Respect.

To praise, ye skye beneath, th' all bounteous Nature's Lord,
And have ye Feelings all attuned to fine accord.'

So much for Bartold: but in a quaint old book published in London, about two hundred years ago, called, CRITO, HIS DIALOGUES, a curious conversation takes place between a certain Cynic and one Hilario. The Cynic meets the other on a very balmy day in a meadow, busily intent on angling.

CYNIC: 'Prythee, are there not better emprises than to kill fish?'

HILARIO: 'True, true. I should be grieved if there were not. Is

not butter better than lard, honey than molasses, pound-cake than gingerbread, clover than grass? Are not things various?’

CYNIC: ‘Where does your heart lie beneath your waistcoat? Answer me, if it is not a waste of time to stand all day for such game as swim in the brook yonder?’

HILARIO: ‘Assuredly: or to toil all night, if none be ta’en.’

CYNIC: ‘Very much in that there is. Is it doing God service, or the Devil any harm?’

HILARIO: ‘What? A good *fry*?’

CYNIC: ‘A pest on you! I will-a-talk to you no more.’

I would not agree with Cynic in his argument, if it deserves the name, which, notwithstanding his protest, is carried on much farther in this ‘littyl Boke,’ until his temper, rather acrid at the beginning, is exalted to such a pitch, that compared with him a hornet would be amiable. No doubt he would have said Amen to the grace, and become more genial at the board where such a trout as I have described was served up; for its flesh was red as the cheek of a ripening cherry, and came off in smooth flakes like those of a salmon. Good game is invaluable, not for tickling the palate of the mere epicure or glutton, whom every sensible man will despise, but on the score of æsthetics. Being delicate itself, it must be delicately served, in which case the possessor will be most apt to gather about him his most choice friends, and cultivate the graces of a refined hospitality. What food more garnishing to the table, more digestible for the stomach, or more acceptable to a civilized taste than a fine fish, fresh from its own element? What fish superior in flavor or in quality to a brook-trout? Hence I must vindicate by precept and example the genial sport of angling, and adding my opinion to that of a long line of worthies, advance it as that of Bartholdy, Hilario, and Company. I must maintain that it is good for the contemplative soul, and for the inactive body, for the promotion of sound health, and for the sake of innocent recreation.

V.

THE GLORIES OF ANGLING IN OLDEN TIMES.—CAUSES OF ITS DECLENSION.—COMPENSATION FOR THE SAME, UPON WHICH THERE A FEW JUST MORAL REFLECTIONS ARE MADE BY THE AUTHOR.—TABULAR STATEMENTS: ANCIENT AND MODERN STATISTICS COMPARED.—THE DECAY OF TROUT IN GREEN-MOUNTAIN STREAMS ADVANTAGEOUS TO THE FRENCH EMPEROR.

FIFTY years ago, as I am informed by old people, dwellers on the banks of the Winooski, they could cast their hooks in any part of the stream, and in a half-hour obtain a handsome mess of trout for breakfast, dinner, or supper. Very likely, however, they would see the tracks of a bear as they went forth, or a wolf in the sheep-fold, or

hurry the movement of Reynard-with-a-fat-geese-upon-his-back. Travellers in the stage-coach, when a stop was made at a way-side tavern, were wont to run hastily to some neighboring brook, joint their rods, and by the time that the dinner-horn was blown, return with a fine string, or in most cases the host had an abundant supply always ready in his trough or tank to supply his table. Nor were they a span long, such as are now embasketed without remorse, instead of being thrown back — of a sardine size — a mere mouthful when they came out of the frying-pan. They were weighed by pounds, not ounces. It was the heroic age of trout-fishing. It is interesting to hear the early settlers tell the exploits of their youth, but enough to make one sigh at the approaching ruin of all the best fishing-grounds in the country. The shad and the salmon will soon cease to make their annual run up the river Connecticut. Winooski, which flows for so many miles down from its sources; with all its streams and tributaries, notwithstanding its romantic and so wild region, is every year becoming more impoverished in trout. Freshets carry them off, and drought kills them. A great many float dead in pools after every dry-time in summer. Cultivation of the country, and other causes already mentioned, are causing them to dwindle, for they love that purity which can be only had in the most absolute privacy, far from the haunts of men.

No such luck as the old Revolutionary people can remember will ever be known in Vermont again. But there is a set-off to this, for there is no skill or art in angling, when fish accept the bait as soon as it is cast in. If there are fewer trout in the rivers and ponds, there are more sheep and keöws in the pastures. We cannot enjoy every blessing at once. The deer roam through a howling wilderness; the high hills are a refuge for the wild goats, and so are the rocks for the conies. But not there is known the happy home-life of the vale, no troops of children on their way to school, nor village bells chime forth upon the air so musically. Not there! — how jocund, as he drives his team a-field — is heard the plough-boy's high-keyed *gee! haw! buck!* nor old wife calls at even-tide, with wooing cry, the cows to milking. No flocks of wheeling pigeons fly beneath the eaves. There are no farm-house, barn-yard melodies; no cooing, mewling, braying, neighing, cackling, cackling, squeaking, squealing, grunting, crowing! Would we have a plenty of deer, or rejoice over the magnificent 'solidarity of the peoples?' Would we prefer the spoils of erratic wild sports to the substantial fruits of systematic industry? Is it better to kill a fox or to make a President?

Annexed is a comparative tabular statement of Vermont enterprise during the years 1825 and 1858. To these tables I am indebted for the idea of my present Trout-Book, and therefore incorporate them in the body of it, as their statistics may be of interest to others.

TROUT RECORD OF GUY WALTERS FOR 1825.

DATE.	PLACE.	NUMBER OF HOURS.	FISH.	LBS.	REMARKS.
May 20	Dog River.	9 A.M. to 2 P.M., five hours.	29	18	One weighed two pounds ; one a pound and a quarter. Six averaged one pound each ; remainder, half a pound.
June 1	Dog River.	Eight hours.	315	35	Three of us.
10	Martin's Brook.	Twelve hours.	450	28½	Two in Company.
18	Catamount Brook.	Nine hours.	310	27	Two.
22	Osmore Pond.	Four hours.	70	63	Four on two rafts.
23	Peacham Pond.	Six hours.	67	59	Two on a raft.
30	Minister's Brook.	Thirteen hours.	402	28½	Three of us. Fish averaged small.
July 1	The Branch.	Eight hours.	203	25	Long John fell in ; hurt his knee, and went home.
15	Roxbury.	All day.	512	43	Fine sport.
28	Martin's Brook.	Half-a-day.	210	20	Flies bad.
Aug. 3	Minister's Brook.	Three hours.	53	14	Gloomy weather, and began to rain hard.
			2621	361	

TROUT RECORD OF AMICUS FOR 1858.

DATE.	PLACE.	NUMBER OF HOURS.	FISH.	LBS.	REMARKS.
April 12	Stickney Brook.	Three.	20		Raw day.
20	Gove Brook.	Four.	27		
May 10	Martin's Brook.	Three.	46		
12	Martin's Brook.	Five.	62		Too early still for trout.
18	Worcester Branch	Six.	70		
22 & 23	Burnam's Pond and Brook.	For two days, until sun-set.	251	Average number of pounds,	Very good sport. Rained very hard for a few hours. Got drenched. Three in the party, one fell off raft.
30 & 31	Worcester Branch & Camp's Pond.		143		Two of us. Pretty good luck.
June 12	Martin's Brook.	Nine hours.	122		Two of us. Weather fine.
14	Cameron's Brook.	Three hours.	57		Alone.
16	Proctor's Brook.		88		
July 17	Berlin Pond and Brook.	A few hours.	57		Three in party.
Sept. 6	Martin's Brook.	Four hours.	76		
8	Rublee Brook.		58		
10	Beaver Meadow Brook.		59		
			1126		
Caught on various other occasions through the season.	At different places		262		
			1388	78	Sometimes only dropping in a line for half-an-hour during occasional drives.

From the above it will be seen that there has been a manifest decline in fisherman's luck,* and if it were possible to go back to remoter

* WHICH may be stated thus :

1825. GUY WALTERS :	Total	2621 pounds,	361
1858. AMICUS,	"	1388 "	78
In favor of Mr. WALTERS,		1233	283

periods and to the first settlement of the country, the disparity would be still greater. Mr. Walters' journal is of comparatively recent date, only one year after the visit of the Marquis de la Fayette to these parts, who was even then surprised at the progress of cultivation; whereas at the beginning of the century the country was almost a wilderness, occupied by a few hardy pioneers. Vermont can now vie with any other State in the art of farming; produces every year a splendid crop of corn, cheese, butter, and maple-sugar; her horses are unrivalled, for many, which when colts, squealed like pigs in the brisk air of the Green-Mountains, now, gorgeously-caparisoned, draw the Imperial carriages from the palace of the Tuileries.

TO A VIOLET: SENT IN A LETTER.

UNDER a rock, in a meadow fair,
Hiding from sun-shine, shielded from air,
On the far Pacific shore,
Tenderly didst thou lift thy blue eyes
From that sweet home-nest, with meek surprise,
To a face unknown before.

'The last of the year:' the first had blown
Three thousand miles off; with it had flown
Wishing and hoping and fears:
Did the old song echo in his heart,
Did the old name from his closed lips start,
As he gazed on thee with tears?

Did he learn the lesson of thy life,
Modestly blooming so far from strife,
'Neath that shelter safe and sure?
How the human soul keeps pure in shade,
How heavenly graces are slow to fade,
In the shadow most secure.

Let the token here before me lie,
To tell of the hours long since gone by,
With the vanished breath of Spring;
Summer is gone, and Autumn winds blow,
And Winter will come with frost and snow,
Yet violets still will bring

To my heart a sense of by-gone days,
For whose joys I lift a song of praise,
When I look upon the past:
And when Youth's summer feeling and glow
Is followed by Age, ah! well I know
Those memories yet will last.

A S T R A N G E E X P E R I E N C E .

THERE are some men who walk among women as the young Lord Farintosh walked the streets of London — monarchs, surveying affably a subject race. Such was not my fortune. I admired, nay, adored the sex, and early singled out one, good, beautiful, and gracious, as the special object of my worship. But I learned too soon that her heart was another's; and thenceforth, through long years, all my thoughts of love were limited to tender, hopeless dreams of her.

I reached my thirty-fifth year, and was older than most men of that age; there were many white threads in my beard, many wrinkles in my forehead. A certain melancholy and languor had aged my spirit too; the future had lost for me all bright hues and glowing possibilities. A series of disappointments had chilled my ambition; the happiness of the heart I had long ceased to hope for. Life lay before me, cold, hard, prosaic; and at its close a grave to which I should be borne unwept, and where I should lie forgotten.

It was at this period that a young girl, accompanied by an old female servant, came to board in the family where I had long found a home. Anais Theriot was of French descent; her grand-parents had been among the unhappy fugitives from the Island of St. Domingo during the revolt of the blacks. Bringing with them such fragments of their wealth as the haste and horror of the time permitted, they had sought the shores of America, and established themselves in one of its sea-port towns. Mingling but little with those about them, they had retained the characteristics of their country, and Mlle. Theriot was thoroughly French in movement, look and manner. To my mind, there is no nationality so bewitching among women; the grace, the animation, the frequent gesture, the unapproachable art in dress, render them beyond and above all others of their sex, delightful and enchanting. To these qualities, inherent in her country-women, Anais added a beauty absolutely faultless; great sparkling eyes, features delicate and spiritual; a pale, clear skin, through which flushed now and then a color deep and bright as the tints of the dawn; and a form of perfect symmetry. But to me, old too early, the greatest charm of all was her fresh, innocent youth. She was scarce seventeen, and seemed even younger; something of childhood yet lingered in her aspect. I cannot describe this quality; it evades me when I attempt to seize it, and perhaps I cannot better express it by similitudes. To what shall I liken her? A rose-bud just opening to the light of day, the dew yet fresh on its leaves, the sweet petals softly unfolding to give you glimpses of the crimson heart? A fountain in the wilder-

ness when the hand of man for the first time puts aside the overshadowing boughs, and his eyes behold its limpid depths? Pshaw! these things are worn out, stereotyped, and convey no hint of that entire freshness and newness to life which appeared in her.

When she came among us, a cloud obscured in some degree the brilliancy of her beauty, for her parents were not long dead, and she mourned them with a true sorrow. I used to watch her thus at table, or when we met occasionally in the garden or the village street, with a deep, peculiar interest. When, in return for some little courtesy, she raised her sad yet splendid eyes, and bestowed on me a smile full of sweetness, a strange thrill went through my heart. I returned to my studies, wondering at the new look the world was beginning to wear. It seemed as I remembered it fifteen years before.

After some months Mlle. Theriot began to regard me as a friend. We were brought familiarly together, living as we did in a family where we were the only boarders, and in that simple country life, weeks did more for our intimacy than years would have done elsewhere. I lent her books and criticised their contents with her; she sang to me; we walked out together. My dry pursuits interested her, for I was a persevering student of Natural History, and we spent hours together collecting, examining, and arranging specimens. Little by little the thought of her grew inwoven with every movement of my mind and heart. I ceased to dream of my lost and early love; the present became dearer to me than ever the past had been. I saw, however, as clearly as any one, the futility of my passion, the insanity of imagining that this radiant vision of youth and beauty could ever consent to link her lot with mine—a man so much older, so quiet, so grave, so miserably unfit for the brilliant circles she seemed born to adorn. It was with no hope of return that I at last disclosed my feelings, and never were surprise and bewilderment greater than mine when the beautiful child timidly confessed that she had loved me almost from the day we first met. I could not believe in the reality of my own happiness; I almost refused to accept her innocent vows, dreading to entrap her into a union she might afterward repent. But she was so confident in the wisdom of her choice, she entreated me so sweetly to have faith in the constancy of her affection, that I yielded, the willingest and most blessed of victims, and we were married on her eighteenth and my thirty-sixth birth-day.

I never professed myself one of those lofty minds that regard beauty as a thing of small account. An ugly woman may be very estimable, very admirable, and even, to some tastes, lovable; I cannot deny it, who have so often seen men with all the attractions that pertain to a vigorous prime, completely bound up in wives, plain almost to repulsiveness. I marvel at such, and feel that they have defrauded

themselves of their just dues. How sweet to possess the heart and person of a beautiful woman! To know that the eyes whose glance thrills you, look thus on no other man; that the soft, round arms clasp you alone; that the exquisite form which admiring glances follow wherever it appears, is only yours — you its sole owner and lord. All this I possessed in Anäis, while her youth and the seclusion in which she had been bred, were my guaranty, even had not her lovely lips so often assured me of the fact, that I was the first to whom those virgin affections had ever turned. How delicious to gather for one's self the bloom and freshness of such a nature!

Immediately on our marriage we went abroad; my fortune, originally ample, had largely increased during my long retirement, and with the new youth that Anäis' love awoke within me, came new views of life. The world seemed no longer empty of pleasure; I acknowledged its excitements, its enjoyments, and with her went forward to taste them. We wandered through Europe with no purpose beyond the feeling of the passing hour; we sought no society, nor wished for any, all in all to each other. With us was realized that dream of lovers, constant companionship, which yet did not wear away the freshness of affection, nor impair its ardor or romance. The longer we were together, the more I knew of Anäis, the more greatly did I marvel at the powers of her mind, the strength of her imagination. How, in eighteen years, had she acquired knowledge such as others would hardly gather in a long life-time? Do not misunderstand me. There was in her no trace of the *esprit fort*; her learning was graceful and womanly, as befitted her. But all music of all masters seemed familiar to her; the poetry of all climes and ages, the master fictions of every tongue she knew and loved. Her vivid imagination wrought pictures only second to the reality. Long before we reached them she would describe to me her fancies of the old-world scenes we were about to visit; the Rhine, with its castled banks; the vines and olive-trees of Southern France; Spain, with its white-walled convents; Italy, so rich and mournful in its old glory and its ruin of to-day. I was amazed at the truthfulness, the life-likeness of her descriptions. When we gained these scenes they appeared already familiar to me. Places of historic interest strangely affected her; she forgot the present, and spoke like an actor in those old events: the lineaments of heroes, the faces of long-dead and buried women, rose up before her as those she had seen and known. It was a wild, magnificent power which she thus wielded with the careless strength of youthful genius. Do you wonder that in the presence of a mind like this, and a heart all my own, time went by like an enchanting dream? Alas! the awakening! Anäis had a habit, which seemed to me at first a little strange. Twice in each day, at noon and night, she withdrew from

me to her own apartment. Wherever we might be, however occupied, she never failed. If I were in the midst of reading one of those old legends in which she so delighted, if she were clasped in my arms and listening to my words of endearment, she gently freed herself from the embrace, and begged me to excuse her absence. In a few moments she would return, more beautiful than ever. By her wish, our movements were so arranged that at these hours we were always beneath a roof. In the beginning, as has been said, I wondered at this, but the reason presently occurred to me. Anäis was a Catholic, devout—in her way, austere. I had myself no great respect for the Romish Church; but I used to watch her as she worshipped in those old cathedrals, lovelier than any Madonna before which she knelt, and what in others would have seemed a superstitious weakness, was in her only a devotion beautiful almost to holiness. I was now satisfied that she left me at those hours to offer up her prayers to the Virgin or some favorite saint, and that, true to the spirit of her Church, which requires always some outward and visible sign to excite the aspirations of faith, she felt her service incomplete unless it were offered before a crucifix or other symbol of religion. Having thus decided, I bore the interruption without remark.

But one day, when we had been about a year abroad, some spirit of evil possessed me. For the first time I yielded to a sentiment of annoyance when Anäis, as usual, rose for her noon retirement. I had been reading aloud from ‘*Ariosto*,’ and was in the midst of one of his most beautiful descriptions. ‘Is it not possible,’ I said, ‘to defer your devotions a moment, till I have finished the passage?’

She colored painfully. ‘Certainly, if you wish it,’ she answered, and resumed her seat. I read on more slowly than before, glancing at her now and then. Her uneasiness was ill-concealed. I saw her anxiety to escape, and that it was only by a strong effort she compelled herself to remain. And, believe it or not, as you choose, either my own ill-humor, or her annoyance, so altered her aspect, that during those five minutes she visibly lost the outline and tint of youth, and you would have called her a woman fully matured, instead of a blooming girl.

She started abruptly and left the room. I heard her step on the stairs and in the apartment above, and presently she returned, lovely and caressing as ever. ‘Dear Ernest,’ said she, taking my face between her little, satin hands, ‘are you angry with me?’

‘No, not angry,’ I replied, ‘but a little vexed. Have you taken a vow always to leave me at noon and at night?’

Again a deep blush overspread her features, and her eyes fell before mine. ‘No, not a vow,’ she stammered. Then recovering herself:

‘Do not be angry with me, dear friend, I could not help it; and indeed it is nothing that need displease you.’

I laughed now at her troubled face; my ill-humor had vanished entirely, and I begged her pardon for my folly. I reproached myself again and again that I had shown a moment’s temper toward one so loving and beautiful, and assured myself that it was impossible I could again be guilty of the fault.

But the serpent had entered Eden. It was not long before I felt again a movement of impatience toward Anäis. Sometimes I struggled against it; at others I yielded. Now I said: ‘How absurd to complain of this one weakness in a creature absolutely without fault toward me.’ Then I thought: ‘I had rather she showed me temper, vanity, caprice, any of the foibles of the sex, than be thus persistent in what she knows displeases me.’ For, spite of the little scene I have related, she still maintained her superstitious observance.

By degrees a sort of monomania possessed me. I begged Anäis to give up this one habit, so hateful to me and poisonous to our peace. After long remonstrance, she consented, and life resumed its sweetness. Convinced that she had no will or wish opposed to mine, the whole tide of my love flowed toward her once more; our affection seemed yet dearer for the brief interval it had known. After the lapse of a few months, I looked back on my behavior as almost an insanity. How weak, not to say wicked, was the whim that constrained her to give up an office of her religion, only because I thought nothing should be rated higher than my wishes.

It was in the midst of such feelings that I discovered she had deceived me. With patient hypocrisy she had feigned submission to my will, and while I believed her all my own, every thought of her heart open to mine, she had been stealing away, on one and another pretence, to practise the devotions I had forbidden. How I hated then that faith which established in our houses, in the hearts of our wives, a power that utterly transcends our own. I forbade Anäis thenceforth all exercise of the peculiar forms of her religion. ‘No man, priest though he be,’ I said, ‘shall know more of your secret thoughts than does the husband you have vowed to love and obey. If you have sins to confess, let God hear them, and absolve you without human intervention.’ I kept her away from the churches; I watched her more closely than a government spy the motions of a suspected conspirator. She bore it all with uncomplaining sweetness; she still manifested for me a perfect love; but I was tormented by the thought that there was in the world an authority she considered superior to mine, and to obey which she deceived and eluded me.

‘What a fool I have been!’ I said to myself one night, ‘I have forbidden her the church, but I have left her oratory undisturbed.

Doubtless she may have obtained from the holy fathers that swarm here (we were now in Italy) a bit of consecrated wafer or other fragment of mummery, which hallows the place to her, and she offers her devotions there in the same spirit as if she were kneeling on the pavement of St. Peter's. What now if I were to follow her the first time she steals away; tear down her crucifix and trample on it; toss all her sacred emblems out of the window, and force her here, in this land of superstitious and ceremonial worship, to lead a sensible, Protestant life. The more I pondered it the more attractive seemed the idea, and I determined to put it in execution. Yet, while thus contemplating violence to her most sacred feelings, I loved her dearly as ever; nor did I wish to come between her soul and heaven. It was her Church, with its idolatrous observance, its perpetual interference in human destiny, that I warred against.

Next morning, while pretending complete absorption in some letters recently received, I watched her carefully from time to time. Presently she arose, laid down her embroidery, and stole away with noiseless step. I followed as quietly, went up the stair and to the door of the room she used as an oratory. To my surprise, she was not there, but in the bed-chamber beyond. I went quickly in, and found her standing near the dressing-table. She gave a guilty start, but speedily commanding herself, spoke of some indifferent matter. I loitered about the room, deferring for the present my meditated iconoclasm. Little by little Anäis's features began to show a dreadful anxiety; it chased all the beauty from her face, ploughed it with furrows, and darkened it as with age. I accused myself of cruelty when I beheld these tokens, and in a softening of heart left the room. 'Poor thing,' I said, 'I must not be so harsh with her. She is sincere after all; she thinks these ceremonies essential to her soul's welfare. I must wean her gradually from her ways.'

Thus reasoning, I gained the court, when a contrary impulse seized me. 'Good HEAVENS!' I cried, 'shall we, in the full blaze of light of the nineteenth century, tolerate such folly? Shall Anäis, my wife, the wife of an American, born and bred amid the freedom of our western land, be held in such a bondage? If she must pray, can she not do it in my presence? Would I by word or act interrupt the tenor of her devotion? Let her pray, and I will kneel with her and join my petitions to hers. But no! my worship is that of a heretic! an unsanctified oblation, that linked to hers, would weigh it down to earth. Vows are not vows in her esteem unless told off bead after bead on her rosary; prayer not prayer unless offered before a graven image. She has had her last of them!'

I hurried back, softly ascended the stairs, and paused at the door of the chamber. Anäis must have finished her devotions, if indeed she

had engaged in them at all. She was fastening a little ebony and gold casket, that always lay on her dressing-table. I came in and found her very pale and agitated.

‘Anäis,’ I said, ‘give me your prayer-book.’

‘Certainly, my friend,’ she replied with gentleness, and handed me a ‘Vade Mecum, rich in velvet and gilding, and with the emblem of salvation blazoned on either cover. I looked it through. It contained quite a collection of pictures: Madonna’s Flight into Egypt, Sacred Heart of Mary, Sacred Heart of Jesus, etc., to mark the place of the various offices.

‘And now your rosary, my dear.’ She held it forth. It was made of some dark wood, enriched here and there by a gold or silver bead, and with crosses of the same precious metals hanging from the ends.

‘This, I believe, is a peculiarly sacred implement,’ I observed; ‘blessed by the Pope, if I mistake not.’

‘Yes,’ she answered reverently, ‘seven times blessed by the Holy Father. But why speak of it, dear Ernest, you who always ridicule such things?’

‘Perhaps I am in a more devout frame than usual; and now, my love, bring out any other little sacred trash you happen to own, if you please.’

What a pile there presently appeared! crucifixes, medals — brass, silver, silver-gilt and gold — Agnus Deis, engravings, prayer-books of all sizes and names, a bit of the true cross, etc., etc.

‘Is this all you have, without reservation?’

‘On my faith, yes,’ she answered.

‘Well then, for your oratory,’ I continued cheerfully. A sort of altar had been constructed there; vases filled with flowers were placed upon it; a small but beautifully-painted crucifixion served as altar-piece; and above all rose the image of the dying SAVIOUR, carved in ivory.

‘These have a considerable value as objects of vertu,’ I said, ‘I will keep them, and if you are ever able to regard them in that light only, you can have them again. The rest of this stuff is not worth preserving.’ I placed the whole collection in the fire-place, and lighted it. That done, I turned to Anäis.

‘I suppose you are expecting fire from heaven to come down and consume me,’ I said.

‘No!’ she answered earnestly, ‘you have done a great sacrilege, but I pray that the saints whom you despise may intercede for you. You are still my husband, and I love you.’ She came toward me, and put her arms around my neck. Her patient sweetness moved my very soul: tears stood in my eyes as I clasped her to my heart. There was not space, however, for much sentiment, for my bonfire getting well under way, and the chimney, like all Italian ones, smoking intolerably, we were soon driven from the room.

To this scene succeeded a transitory lull, and then I found — not without anger and mortification — that all my suspicions had been misdirected. It was not for any purpose of superstitious observance that she sought her room; she had used my belief in that circumstance only as a cover to her real motives. There was some mystery connected with the ebony casket; what, I knew not. Did it contain some cosmetic, the use of which, with womanly vanity, she wished to conceal from me? Letters of a former lover, to be read and dreamed over in solitude? Childish as it may seem, the mystery tormented me, and I tried every means to dispel it.

One day, from my lurking-place, I saw Anais enter her room, and unlock the casket. Her back was toward me, and I could not observe each motion, but I distinctly saw her drink something from a tiny goblet, slender stemmed, and covered with golden tracings. This done, she replaced it in the casket, which she locked, and hid the key in her bosom. She then went instantly to our sitting-room, where after some minutes I followed her; I meant to observe her with the utmost attention, but her beauty overcame my watchfulness; it is impossible to describe the radiant overflow of youth and joyousness that lent new splendor to her perfect charms. A degrading suspicion came over me. Could it be wine? Could a being, lovely and refined like her, indulge in so vile a habit? Inadmissible. Yet, day after day, I noted her heightened color, her sudden exhilaration. Then I thought what it must be — opium! Ah! this accounted for all. The secrecy, the dread of discovery, the gnawing pain which her features betrayed when she was deprived of the stimulant that had become necessary as life — yes, it was all in harmony. My poor Anais! I could forgive her now. Perhaps in some long illness she had fallen under the baleful power of the tyrant, and on return to health found herself unable to shake it off. I knew how this terrible habit had enslaved the wills of strong men; how much more pardonable that a feeble woman should succumb to its influence. I repented from the heart all my harshness to her; I pardoned fully the deceit which a timid nature, and the dread of losing my esteem, had led her to practice. For the present I resolved not to mortify her by the knowledge of my discovery, and while pondering the means of releasing her from this pernicious enchainment, I redoubled my tenderness and care for her. The old days were renewed again. Every shade of distrust and wretchedness vanished in the full sunshine of restored affection. Ah! how beautiful she was! What a halo of youth and innocence encompassed her! In the two years of our marriage she had lost nothing of that freshness and purity which rendered her adorable beyond and above all other women. I exulted again, and more deeply than ever, in my possession of this radiant creature.

We were staying at the Baths of Lucca, in the midst of that gorgeous mountain scenery. Riding out one morning, we met, as frequently happened, the Grand Duke, his family and suite, on horseback. As was his custom, the Duke saluted us, the rest of his party following his example. Among them was a dark man of sinister aspect, whom I had never seen before, and who eyed Anäis attentively. It is the Italian habit to stare at beautiful women, and I was not ill pleased at this tribute to her charms.

Soon after Anäis complained of sudden illness, and we returned to our lodgings. She lay down, and, as I sat by her side, she told me that the air of the Baths did not, she thought, appear suited to her, and she would be glad to leave them. I, who had no special attachment to the spot, and wished only to please her, readily consented, and promised to arrange for our speedy departure.

That night I went, as usual, for a short time to the Casino to look over the newspapers; in the next room a ball was in progress, for it was a gala night, and the ducal family was present. Half-listening to the music, and the gliding feet of the dancers; half giving heed to news, an hour passed on. Then I became conscious of two voices, distinct from the general hum, and talking eagerly.

‘Impossible! you dream — or you mistake,’ said one.

‘I tell you no!’ returned the other; ‘it was she, herself! Unchanged, as young as ever!’

‘But twenty years!’ expostulated his companion.

‘I care not. She is a witch, a devil, it may be, but ——’ I lost the rest. I looked up, a little curious, to see who was thus publicly discussing a personage so mysterious. The interlocutors were sitting at a short distance from me. One was the dark man I had noticed in the morning; the other a Marchese I had frequently seen.

‘What poor dupe has she in hand now? Without doubt he is marvellously happy for the time, as I myself felt when honored with her favor. You think I mistake, but I could prove it to you, *caro mio*, did the opportunity serve. She has a mole on the tip of her left ear, under those bands of raven hair. I have pinched it many a time, and kissed it afterward for healing!’

Thousand devils! was it *she* of whom he spoke. Well I knew the pearly little ear with the brown mote specking its whiteness! I had kissed it too! What then was she? — and who? My wife, pure as an angel, or a shameless creature, whose name men bandied over their wine, and of whose caress they boasted to their boon companions. In a frenzy of suspicion and bewilderment I rushed homeward, burst into our room, and confronted Anäis.

She was sitting near a table reading, while her maid was busy with preparations for our departure on the morrow. She looked so pure,

so calm, that half the rage fled from my heart at sight of her. She wore a dress of white muslin, confined at the waist by a ceinture of blue; her exquisite neck and arms were bare, and without ornament. In this simple attire she looked so girlish, so childish almost, that for a moment my suspicions seemed absurd. But then the coincidence; her illness of the morning; her sudden desire to leave the Baths; distrust revived again. I sent the maid away, and we were alone.

I can scarce describe the scene that followed. What does the man feel who dreads that the pure ideal of his worship is defaced and polluted forever? What does he say who desires to combine the keenness of the inquisitor with the sternness of the judge, yet finds the passion of the lover overruling both? I accused Anäis, but she denied all, and protested her spotless innocence, her unfaltering affection. Yet she could not, she dared not, assert her ignorance of that man; she would not explain, nor confess a single word. The result of all was, that I neither absolved nor condemned her.

We left the Baths the next day, and set out for Paris. Its giddy whirl was what I needed to keep me from sinking under this cursed burden. Anäis was with me constantly — pale, subdued, sorrowful. If she attempted a caress, I spurned it; if words of endearment, I answered them with mockery. ‘When you have confessed and explained every thing,’ I said, ‘and not till then, will I tolerate one mark of affection from you.’ And her mute lips, her gloomy eyes, answered me more plainly than speech: ‘Then it shall never be.’ Sometimes I pitied her, sometimes I hated, but I never swerved from my resolution.

One night I was in her room; we were going to the opera, and her maid was giving a few finishing touches to the toilet of Madame. These completed, she left us. My eye just then fell on the little casket of gold and ebony, that lay in its old place on the dressing-table. In the midst of the deeper troubles and cares of the past weeks, I had quite forgotten my former fanciful ideas concerning it, but I now saw that the direction of my glance awoke a strange uneasiness in Anäis. I enjoyed it. Taking up the casket, I said: ‘Here is a secret I have never yet penetrated, and this seems a fitting time. Perhaps I shall learn something from it of what so much perplexes me.’ Anäis was deadly pale.

‘Give me the key,’ I said. I felt a certain pleasure in her evident terror. ‘Ah! Monsieur,’ she besought, ‘do not command me.’ I insisted, and she took a little toy-like thing from her bosom, and handed me. I turned the lock and lifted the lid.

The box was lined with velvet, stuffed with down: it had two compartments; one contained the goblet from which I had seen her drink so often; the other a flask of considerable size, ornamented with

arabesques of gilding, and containing a minute quantity of yellow liquid. I examined the flask attentively, and held it toward the light; as I turned it, rays flashed from the yellow fluid, as from a cluster of diamonds.

‘What have we here?’ I said.

Anäis had watched me, trembling with excitement. She now held out her hand with a piteous air of entreaty.

‘What is it?’ I asked. ‘A witch’s potion? A love philter? Speak, tell me — and you shall have it.’ She was silent. ‘Or stay,’ I continued, ‘perhaps I can make a better bargain. What did you know of yonder man? What was his connection with you, his power over you? Confess all, and you shall have the charm again in your own keeping.’ It was some moments before she answered me. Then she said: ‘I can die — but I will never tell you.’

‘Very well,’ I returned, and dashed the flask to atoms. A delicious perfume, comparable to nothing earthly, stole through the room, and Anäis came to me, her eyes dilated with horror, her face ashy pale, her lips quivering. Yet unutterable love beamed on me through all her sufferings; I felt it, though I would not yield. I sat down quietly on a sofa; she followed, bent over me, and pressed her lips to mine. For one moment I forgot all, and returned her kiss with equal fervor.

‘Ernest,’ she said, ‘I am going. I am almost gone. If ever you regret this, remember I forgave you, even before I knew you were sorry.’ I pushed off her clasping arms.

‘I advise you, Madame, to reserve your melo-drama for those it can impose upon. In a few minutes the carriage will be at the door.’

They were playing the overture as we entered the opera; the whole house was a blaze of light and beauty. Yet even amid that brilliant throng, Anäis, as she advanced, drew all eyes. Hundreds of lorgnettes turned toward her, and a murmur of admiration ran from circle to circle. Never had I seen her so lovely; and yet there was something wild, nay, supernatural, in the glitter of her eyes, the deep flush of her cheeks. I was anxious, I knew not why, yet gazed with proud delight upon her. While I was breaking her heart, I could yet exult in the triumphs of her beauty.

We took our seats; the opera went on; it was ‘Lucia,’ and Grisi sang. Absorbed by her wonderful genius, I had forgotten every thing, even Anäis, when a light touch made me turn.

My wife was leaning back, pale as death. ‘Anäis,’ I cried, ‘you are ill!’ Ah! heaven! shall I ever forget what followed!

One moment she lay there, panting, exhausted; the next, what a ghastly change! The thick, raven hair grew thin and gray; the ivory teeth fell in; wrinkles seamed the soft, fair face; the glittering

dress, the sparkling jewels, shone about an old, cadaverous form. Another instant and it vanished: a loathly skeleton remained in its place. A moment more and even this had disappeared; only the garments and the diamonds lay before me.

And still the house blazed with lights, the music crashed, the voices of the singers sounded in my ears. Was I wild or dreaming? I snatched the glittering heap at my side, and shook it madly — a thick dust arose, blinding, suffocating me. . . . I knew no more.

Months after, when I was able to ask and learn again, they brought me a sheet whereon a few lines were written. They bore the date of that last fatal night.

‘All is over; the end is at hand. I must be brief, for the time is short; you have suspected many things, not one of them is true.

‘I was born in the reign of the fifteenth Louis, and received from the Count St. Germain, who loved me, the flask of Elixir of Youth whose last drops you have spilled, and with them — my life. Fatal gift! but for it I must have lived happy, and die beloved; yes, I might now have been a blessed saint in heaven!

‘You think I was happy! Ah! the mistake! At first it was delightful to retain my youth while all around me faded, but too soon I felt the curse of one removed from Nature’s law. Suspicion followed me; I was obliged to pass from country to country; I had no relative, friend, protector; even the consolations of religion were denied me. If I knelt in the confessional, I could own but half my sins; I went forth with a heavier load than when I entered. All I loved had long mouldered in their graves; not one was left me. I bribed some to personate my family; but they soon distrusted me, and refused to remain in my service. Ah! how alone I was; there seemed no place for me any where! And vile men, seeing me so friendless, persecuted me with their base homage. You have known it; you have heard one of them make the boast. But I am innocent, before HEAVEN I am innocent. It is only you, cruel, yet too-beloved, that my heart has beaten for in all these years. Believe me — believe the oath of the dying.

‘Do not reproach yourself too much; I could have lived but a little longer. You have hastened the event but by a few days. Concentrated by distillation, a single drop of the precious Elixir had power to impart youth and vigor for hours. I was obliged to use it with caution, for its exhilaration, in too large a quantity, resembled that of wine. Your espionage forced me sometimes —’

Here the ms. broke off abruptly. Only at the bottom of the page was scrawled the single word — ‘Adieu!’

A U T U M N L E A V E S .

AUTUMN leaves are falling
Thick and fast around,
Autumn winds are whistling
With a mournful sound ;
Summer flowers are fading,
Cold and dead they lie ;
Summer birds are hasting
To a warmer sky.
All is sad and dreary,
Mournful tones we hear,
Till the heart grows weary
At the fading of the year.

Yet Autumn hath its pleasures, and in childhood's happy hours,
We smiled to see the flying leaves, and watch the fading flowers :
There was no mournful sadness in the whisper of the wind,
And in every changing landscape some new pleasure we could find ;
By the brooks in the forest, many garlands we would weave,
And we called them fairy gems, the brightly-tinted leaves.
The golden fruits of Autumn, the merry 'Harvest Home,'
All, all its joys were welcome, for then they brought no gloom :
But now they speak of sadness, of pleasures that are fled,
Of many hours of gladness that have so quickly sped.

When the first spring flowers were peeping, in the vale and in the wood,
I hailed one little blossom so beautiful and good ;
I watched it as it opened, I guarded it from ill,
I forgot that God had lent it, and could claim it as His will.

Leaves were fading, flowers were dying,
Mournful winds went whistling by ;
Why should then the loved one linger,
Why not seek a fairer sky ?
Though the earth was bright and lovely,
Through the spring and summer-time,
Like sweet birds when winter threatens,
He must seek a warmer clime.

In the cold dark earth we laid him,
On one sad October day ;
O'er his grave the dead leaves drifted,
Withered flowers around him lay.
Perished are the hopes of summer,
Few and short its lightsome days ;
Autumn drear is sure to follow,
While bleak winter longest stays.

S. B. H.

Orange, (N. J.), October 18, 1860.

THE OBSERVATIONS OF MACE SLOPER, ESQ.

SECOND SERIES.

ON FERMENTED AND SPOILED PURITANS.—IRA SWINGLES PARSONS,
W. OVERDAM STAMPER, AND AUNT STINGRAY.

IN my last scroll I under—or over—took in Mr. Dovey Fowler to dig into and otherwise excavate and expose to daylight a character which is generally let run loose without much comment, and which, as the *World* and Wall-street go—to say nothing of the half-world and all other streets—is generally supposed to be that of a pretty decent, practical, common-sense, clever and *clever* sort of a man.

Just where I am sitting and writing at this instant, only a few yards distant round the corner on Gramercy Park, a Quaker meeting is letting out. There they go—God bless 'em—the dear old souls, and particularly the dear *old* ones—in their nice silks of gray drab and semi-mauve-ashes-of-roses. I know that isn't the Quaker name, by a long shot, for the color, but it's the nearest I can come to it in these my heathen days. When I was young, and much under the influence of my teacher, Miss Sarah Lewis, and in later days of Jacob Piene—when Aunty Barclay was our next-door neighbor, and Friend Longstreet used to take me sometimes to Sharpless's a-shopping, and sometimes to meeting—in those days I used to hear the right names for all the uniform, and, I dare say, could have told the color at sight. Well, as they go they bring up a very pleasant, gentle feeling, something quite in keeping with the beautiful Park; its leaves, fountain, and grass; and quite in style, too, with its fine tall houses, for the Friends have, above all other people since the first construction of humanity, solved the problem of being immensely respectable, or decorously aristocratic, as well as marvellously plain. Queen Victoria is n't, and never will be, more 'respectable' than that nice old Quaker lady I see tottering over the way yonder. Never in the world.

What am I driving it? Well, let's see! Firstly, that having described a man who appeared nice, and was n't; I now propose to slice up one who is perfectly sound at heart, but spoiled by a trifle or two which folks do n't generally understand. And, secondly, I was going to apologize for doing so much character-painting in these Observations, instead of telling stories. Thirdly, I was wondering why I persisted in spite of myself in doing this thing; when, fourthly, Quaker meeting broke loose, and rolled out, and I 'saw it all,' like the old uncle at the end of a five-act comedy. Being so near Quaker meet-

ing has set the Spirit to working or moving, and it moves me to discourse of Swingle Ira Parsons. *I* say, 'something else;' Spirit says, 'Swingle Ira.' And I will swingle him accordingly.

By the way, Nella Séton says his *real*-spelt middle name is Zwingle — a character who run loose considerably in the times of Luther and Calvin. So be it!

We had been having a Delmonico dine together, Hiram and I, with Hale Hamerhorn, the artist, lately come back from Italy, when Parsons dropped in to dessert, just in time to rush it over the raisins, and a few drops of wine, into coffee and cordial. Now I believe it's pretty generally conceded, vouchsafed, acquiesced, and otherwise consented hereunto that of all times that ever were timed, from pudding-time down to pastime, the highest old time for feeling easy is immediately after a course of turtle and Spanish mackerel, with every thing else following after it in regular train. Particularly with most men of Anglo-Saxon blood, if it's Stag. For myself, I prefer Muslin; but it can't be denied that the majority of (A. Sax.) males feel their independent, easy hour most when it's Stag. Stags we were, and stags of that kind who aren't very readily run off by a trifle.

It's a peculiarity of Swingletrees, that he has such a monstrously good character that people are always sorrowful glad to see him. However you find him, or stand him, or sit him, or lay him out, or tuck him under; whether you take him as a biled dinner, or roasted or stewed with olives, or devilled for breakfast, you can't forget the flavor of benevolence which hangs round him. Malevolence can't say he's a *bad* father, though the children always seem uncommonly repressed by the force of circumstances whenever he's around. Envy cannot raise its head and proclaim that ostentation influenced his gifts in all sorts of charitable slings-round. Spite sinks abashed when it moves that he is n't a good husband. Mam, I assure you that there is n't a better husband out. Enmity can't call him a bad man in any sort of a way; but, to wind up with all, I, Mace Sloper, do solemnly vow, protest, and declare that, though a moral, God-fearing man, I would sooner go to sea on a pirate-raft, with all my associates rather below the standard of the late Mr. Albert Hicks, than have to sail in a Cunarder with a crew of Parsonses. And I furthermore avow that if the latter contingency *were* to happen, I solemnly believe that on the third day out, if not grown delirious, I should go to the ship-stores, and, having obtained therefrom a good piece of rattlin, sennit, or other cord convenient to the purpose, would forthwith commit suicide in a highly independent manner; unless, indeed, the fancy should seize me to light the powder-magazine, and blow up the entire craft, Parsonses, cat, and cook, fur-

ther into everlasting destruction than a frightened wild pigeon could fly in six weeks. Or any other man.

Well, we were very comfortable over those jolly camp-followers of the dessert, Maraschino, Chartreuse, Kirsch, and Curaçoa, Golden Water, and Anisette, and Hiram was lecturing on the art of compounding several of the same into a thimbleful, so's to settle coffee most completely and make all happy. Never knew a peculiarly strong cosmopolite yet who had n't one wonderful recipe for mixing Maraschino, with something else, into a high-lifting, screamy *puss*, or *chasse, café*.

Parsons began by eyeing our mixtures with that peculiarly pleasant expression with which a grown person — particularly an old maid of strict principles, but still gifted with truly Christian toleration — eyes children engaged in playing at tea-party with miniature tea-things. His manner was by no means offensive, on the contrary, it was eminently quiet, and there was even a faint flirrup of condescending good-nature in the off-corner of either eye. To be sure nothing wrong was said or done by any of us, but the impression which kept growing over me as he sat, was how very kind it was of Parsons not to be offended at us, and what an excellent control he had over his temper. Whenever a remark was addressed to him he did n't quite understand it *the first time*, of course not; his ways were not our ways, nor his language our language; and it had to be repeated *distinctly*, a process which in the long run always involves the enunciation of only strictly common-sensible, logical facts. To be sure he always asked very politely for the repetition, and smiled and nodded quite graciously at what we were pleased to say. In fact, though Hiram actually said that the weather was very fine, and though several remarks were made on the crowded state of the hotels, I can't take it on myself to positively assert that he seemed to be either offended or angry — though he might have been privately a little hurt. His amiability was really wonderful. He even kept his temper when Hale Hamerhorn offered him a segar — of course *he* did n't smoke. I noticed very distinctly though, in his face, a sort of mild pity that any body could have been so stupendently and jackassily ignorant as to suppose that *HE* smoked; and he concluded the look with an ineffable smile which I would give 'leven shillings and tenpence to describe — well. His eyes quivered, his mouth pursed up on it; in fact, something like a pitying shrug over the poor cuss who knew no better, or did n't know every thing about him.

When asked how his family was, Parsons promptly looked the questioner in the face in a firm, very quick manner, which seemed to say: 'Go on, Sir, I defy you!' Having requested a repetition of the query, during which he eyed the adversary rather severely, as if re-

solved to trip him up the instant he made a false step, and succeeded in somehow producing a dim impression that he himself was an injured and outraged Christian, but perfectly capable of fighting his own battles, so long as Providence held out; he was so kind as to admit that his family was well. I felt, of course, what impertinence we had been guilty of, and resolved not to do some any more again.

There we were, Hiram Twine, Hale Hamerhorn, and I, all men who had seen five hundred times as much of the world as Ira Swingletrees there; all men of five hundred times his general knowledge, for though I'm not one of your smart sort, I *do* call myself *rather* more informed than a regiment of him; all men of a decent amount of brass and sass; all bluffed, served out and sent to school by a virtuous and pious little jobber. All we said was silly, all our efforts to be polite seemed to have a faint, green light of vice and juvenility cast over them; all our genial sallies were treated very politely indeed, as one who was only a guest should of course treat them, but with a faint, indefinable, un-take-hold-a-ble condescension. There was the devil of it all. If there had only been a *hold* on the man! The color of his eyes, the tone of his voice, his reserved coat, unobtrusive vest, humility-colored neck-cloth, and Christian-gentleman pantaloons, all seemed to say: 'Please to remember that I am different, *very* different, from you: from Everybody.' It was n't religious separativeness though. It was n't Vanity. Or Pride. What was it? And why did n't we, free and independent men, bluff him out, and run him off, and that forthwith?

I'll tell you *what* it was, and *why* we did n't. It was because the whole thing is so common in this country, and because we all see it every day in so many model and exemplary persons, that we never dream of crushing it well down, as we ought, when it comes with its exclusive airs, its 'moral' insolence, its 'discreet' brass, its impertinent assumption, its smart supersillyiousness, and its infernal arrogance against worldly-minded, urbane, cordial, courteous, sensible polished people. Please understand me, reader. I'm not talking of, at, or against *religious* people at all. The Swingletree Parsons of the country, while invariably *stuck-up*, are not always stuck-up on a Bible, though, as this country goes, the shortest, easiest, and cheapest cut for a small pattern-man to gain the blessed immunity of unproved insolence is to mount a sectarian hobby. But this is not what I mean. Not by any means. I had half a mind once to paint Swingle as a free-thinker, and a domestic brute. I've seen just such men with just his scores of 'little winning ways of making himself disagreeable.' The whole abomination of the man, and of many such men, lies in his manner.

And that Manner, that Outlandish Oddity, that Peculiarity, that

everlasting sticking-up to be something different, that *being* something different which makes the ordinary run of cultivated and amiable folks in this world feel 'somehow queer' when you're around, or in company; what is it all, and what the mischief business have you to intrude your precious 'manner' on people? 'Oh! my dear, it's only his *way*,' says that best of women, Mrs. Dyeton, speaking of Swingletree. Very well, *I* want to know why I am to tolerate this way — this one-horse 'saint' style! I've got my wrath up, and want to know *who* the devil gave Swingle, or any other man, leave or license to put on these airs, and domineer about in this fashion. Look you, young man, I've got hold of the poker, hot at that, and by Jehoshephat, before it cools, I'm going to make you and some of your tribe squirm. Very little indeed, Master Parsons, is wanting to make me brain you with it, outright, you ill-mannered, scoundrelly cur! I've been all my blessed American life longing to have a round with you gentlemen; giving way to you, avoiding a row with you, but time's up. Now look out for yourselves!

Imprimisery. If the good-natured, gentlemanly, courteous man, whoever he is, who is natural and urbane with every body, easily acquaintance-ing, and pleasant as a friend with all who please him; if such a man, I say, undertakes to slip in a Christianly moscopolite way round among his fellow-citizens, and free and equal compatriots, he will very frequently find himself most disagreeably forced to back oars by people of whom one has no moral right to complain; who, like Swingle, are often types of all virtue, yet who are as regular nails in the way of his saw as ever lived. They will compel him to take in a great deal that they may let themselves out. They will oblige him to be always on guard in all that he says, for they have a very peculiar Manner, either by pursed-up smiles, or by keeping quiet, or by changing conversation, of underrating you, or of intimating a very superior difference of opinion; and this they do though they may be the pettiest little ignorant scrubs themselves, talking with some body who can put them, and all they ever dreamed of, away in the smallest corner of his brain. When such people get to talking with you, my genial KNICKERBOCKERITE, they have the most infernally shrewd ways of uncomfortabling you that were ever distilled. You are a truthful person. Well, Swingle in a very modest way asks questions, until something like a contradiction or misunderstanding turns up in your talk. Then he comes, modest as ever: 'But I thought you said so and so?' You go to explaining. Swingle listens in silence and in judgment, evidently revolving in his mind whether is he to distinctly mark you down as a liar or not; at least his meditative, upright look, or his shrewd, smily expression are very jury boxy; and, as Old Hickory used to say, 'By the Eternal!'

ladies and gentlemen, if a Swingle only dared to say in plain terms to any body what he makes people *feel*, with his silent impertinence of Manner, he *would* very frequently give employment to juries in deciding aggravated cases of assault and battery.

I'm very sorry indeed to say that Swingles are very common in these United States — in fact, so common that in some provincial circles almost every man who pretends to intelligence, or to be some body, is disagreeably well provided, either with the Manner in question, or with certain irrepressible sprouts of conceitedness, condemnation of others, and Convictions, the real moral meaning of all which is: 'I guess I am stronger than you on some points, and confound you, I'll keep showing you so, somehow, all the while.'

I think that by this time some of my readers are beginning to 'see me,' very extensively, and understand that under the name of Swingle I'm firing into a rather tremendous flock. The fact is, that Swingle, and all his like, all the arguing, shrugging, 'differing,' 'peculiar,' odd, cold, judging, reserved, and reserving tribe, are — like the popular idea, that every thing beautiful and natural is devilish — nothing but a very finely preserved relic of the Puritan. They are a useless and behind the time rag-end of what was once useful and timely, but which now, in modern, Christianized society, is as out of place as an old suit of mail would be on a man at a Fifth Avenue party. The royal Church and State party, which oppressed freedom of thought, and was down on the saints, went to its grave long ago in America: it was dead indeed long before the Revolution. Puritanism was grand while it lived; grander with its crop-eared clergymen, cant conventicles, and humbug, than the Royalist, more heroic, I think, (or so far as I know,) than any other political party ever was, for it was the first rationally republican one. But it *had* its humbugs and follies, and it is wonderful to see how, after the old giant is dead, the vermin which crept in his fur-robcs still continue to flourish. The affectation of being a 'peculiar people,' a sort of special reserve, a party whose ways are not as 'our' ways, and who have a constant worrying, itching, vain self-consciousness of knowing something, or being something, or capable of something *different* from every body else; if it's only the ability to snub, and 'differ,' and contradict; all of this Anglo-Saxon heritage breaks out all over the country, from Maine to Mexico in certain cases, and the result is — Swingle!

The man who gives the world *nothing* but a strict observance of the Ten Commandments, is, in Mace Sloper's humble opinion, about as deserving a hot hereafter as the weak-minded but well-meaning character who, yielding to temptation, breaks 'em all to smash. The former of these is very apt to be the pattern of our compatriotic Swingles. They seem to quite forget that a man may have a creed,

and keep it, and yet outside of it torment, and vex, and worry, and be as great a nuisance as any sinner of them all. Just as great, Sir, no mistake about it; and consequently be just as wicked, so far as evil results go. Yes: it may be news to you, Master Swingle, and you Brother Ephraim Sourmug, and you Mister Peter Peculiar, and you Squire Remarkable Rigmarole, and you Bowie-Knife Stumper, but I can tell you that whoever brings in the Disagreeable on his fellow-creatures stirs up unholiness, and vindictiveness, and malice, just as surely as a freshet brings up mud; and I've no earthly doubt in my own mind that, take him in the long run, Swingle — the good, upright, honest Swingle — has done unconsciously quite as much harm, caused just as much pain, and been just as much of a sinner as any body at Sing-Sing or Blackwell's Island. For a thief is no model to the young, but Swingle is.

I expect that a great many of my readers will have heard the story of the old deacon who pinned a poor bumble-bee to the wall, vindictively exclaiming: 'I will yet teach you that there's a God in Israel!' There are an immense amount of Swingles, circulating around, who in one way or another are always teaching bumble-bees some awful, out-of-place truths, and enforcing the lesson with a hot pin through the vitals. I do n't mean that they are always thrusting religion on folks, or morality, but simply that they cram their Peculiarity, and Difference of Character, and odd ways, whatever they are, on every body at all times; and the pin they drive it in with is that of a disagreeable, Pharisaical Manner.

I have n't any doubt that those who follow Sloper for stories and mere fun will find that all this has been rather a heavy 'screed,' whatever that may be. But for goodness' sake, my dear fellow, just reflect for an instant on what a cloud of these Swingle locusts there are all over the country; how they hollow at you from lecture-room and pulpit; how they bore you in Wall-street; how they loaf in Nassau; how they walk, opening and shutting their eyes under an intense head of self-consciousness, down Broadway; how they come into our parlors and clubs, and all sorts of places; how much you suffer from them! Isn't it a satisfaction to think that this picture, badly as I've drawn it, this jolly lot of good, hard abuse, (if it's nothing better,) will meet the eyes of some of these conceited rascals, these Pharisaical wasps, these enemies of all genial, jolly good-fellowship, worldly urbanity, dainty courtesy, pleasant festivity? Tell you what, I rejoice and am exceedingly glad when I think how some of 'em will catch it in rural villages and sylvian hammerlets, not to mention populous metropolished retreats; when the folks they've been boring and victimizing lend 'em or send 'em this number of the *KNICKERBOCKER*, with lead-pencil reference to Swingle. Pitch it into them,

the rips! They've been going on for a life-time, holding their noses up, and letting their betters know how *they* differ from Everybody; how if Everybody should just turn around, and say plainly: 'Come now, who the devil are you that I should put up with this 'peculiarity' and tacit reproach and annoyance from you? Let's have this thing out! I do n't owe you any thing; the world is wide and full of good fellows; what call have *I* to be always tolerating *you*, and restraining my temper, and feeling waspy, just because you feel your oats of virtue, or vanity, so uncommonly strong? Off with your jacket then, or by Jupiter — I'll dust it on you.'

But as I depicture him, Swingle I. Parsons is only one of the forms in which the disagreeable spirit of antiquated and formal VANITY makes itself annoying. The same social causes which made *it*, often make a pretty good fellow hard to bear, and be borne with. For specimen whereof, see Welton Overdam Stamper.

There's no mistake about it, Welt Stamper wants to make himself generally agreeable, tries hard in some cases; has n't any very 'peculiar' notions, as Swingle has about every thing, if he has, do n't let 'em out; do n't ask you twice what you said; will drink as easy as turning a horse into the stable, though always temperate; is real good-looking and handsomely accomplished; yet, with all this, is about as agreeable company as a tame tiger might be to some body not given to zoological conclusions. All because he has kept himself so long in garrison and in siege against the world; has been defying humanity so long to humbug *him* or climb over *him*, or melt *him*, or gouge *him*, or tuck *him* up, or do *him*, or get round *him*, or gammon *him*, or chisel *him*, or find a soft spot in *him*, or ring *him* in, or put a rope about *him*, or throw dust in *his* eyes, or sell *him*, or cook *him* geese, or pull wool over *his* eyes, or be-Judy *him*, or, in short, extract any show of human frailty out of *him*, that he has ended as all egotists, even the best of 'em in the best causes always do, by having this, his great strength, ferment into a weakness.

So Welt, with all his good-looks and fine qualities and success in life, can't take sun-shine about with him, or keep other people's from growing dimmy when he comes among them. I do n't want to know the private story of *his* life, to know how he must have suffered. It's the very first principle of a Welton Stamper, and particularly of the Overdam branch of the family, to be always ripping up heart-strings and tearing away at tenderness, hurting themselves like the devil for fear some body else should hurt them a little. And it will be found that in the long run, the best-hearted and best-natured man alive cannot treat his own heart badly without wounding other hearts still worse.

And so 'sacrifices' are made, and Self thinks how brave he has

been, and how romantic and dreadfully theatrical the whole affair was, but the devil of Vanity is grinning behind it all at poor defeated Happiness. And he says: 'Such is life.' To which Mace Sloper would simply say: 'It need n't be.'

The fact is, people do n't dream of it, but it's so, that modern Puritanism, which is the fermented, spoiled, soured and poisoned form of what was once in its way and for a while a healthy old Saxon thing, has run and soaked into a thousand disagreeable forms, in which most people have no idea that any thing at all Puritan is to be found. I tell you that the fiend and fierce spirit which contends for rights, and especially the right to be good and holy, is very apt, when it gets 'em, to infringe on other people's rights and liberties, and so become very bad and unholy. Yes, and when it gives up all the old notions, the old letter and the old creed, the spirit is still there, and the old thing itself, the old Evil is just as much alive as ever it was. Shaw! why half the folks who get up Infidel conventions, half the abusers of the established order of things, are pretty much the same sort of people with narrow-minded vestry-men. Warfare, not Truth, is what they're after; the one as well as the other. And under it all is the same subtle tempting of the Devil, the itching to persecute, to annoy, to tease. 'Something to persecute.' That's it. Only give it *something to persecute*. Young folks to keep from dancing, homes to be made solemn as graves, 'because father is so upright;' parks to be shut up Sundays; houses to be kept bare of ornament, because devilish-minded people always have a natural itching hatred of every thing beautiful, any hobby to ride out of spite to those who *do n't* mount it, 'MY' idea, 'MY' notion, 'OUR' church, as 'WE' say—any thing under the sun to take a start from, so as to let people know that some poor little drivelling, spiteful mind is so full of self and vanity, conceit and malignity, that it cannot be brought into contact with any kind of a fellow-being without at once undertaking, in some way, to make that being feel uncomfortable, fidgety, conscience-stricken and blue. And as this spirit of Satan has gradually assumed a set form and manner in society, so that nearly all our provincial great guns and 'ornaments of the circle over which they preside,' are generally touched a *little* with it, (unless refined by the world,) it often happens that many really good-hearted, well-meaning folks become in reality very ill-behaved and vulgar nuisances, simply because they think they have as good a right as any body to tease and pester. 'Sho! you must n't mind *me*, it's just *my* way; I like to *plague* people,' says Aunt Stingray, as good as can be. If Aunt Stingray suspects a girl or a boy of an attachment, the poor young devils are pretty sure to quarrel or to fret themselves into shame and spite, cause why, Aunt Stingray thinks it's so 'cute to *tease*: it's only her *way*, and be hanged to her! If any

man or woman living has any sort of weakness, defect, vanity, folly, or draw-back : nay, if they have any misfortune, they do n't get into company with Aunt Stingray, I can tell you, without remembering it. Some chance story — something or other, they do n't exactly know how — calls it up, brings the old cloud of shame and sorrow dimly over the mind ; for Aunt Stingray *does* love to tease people just a little so. The idea that no man, woman or child should ever be wantonly 'plagued,' tormented, or even annoyed in the smallest matter, or in any way ; that it is vile and vulgar to do so, and deserving sharp punishment, never entered Aunt Stingray's head. There are thousands of Aunt Stingrays every where — a great many of them in breeches — all of them low-bred, low-souled, contemptible offshoots of fermented, poisonous, modern Puritanism. If they know it vexes a lady or gentleman to be called by first names, they always do it if they dare. They joke with the childless about families ; they will make the first inquiry of him who has had a great loss, something relative to that loss. Do it with wide-open eyes and corners of the mouth clewed down 'awful solemn' and meant to appear sympathizing. Sympathizing ! Mean, sneaking torture is in their hearts — a goading, irritating lust to tease and annoy and worry — the old fermented Puritan hankering to *persecute* something, to pin some insect to the wall, doing it always with an excuse, of course.

Who is there so quick as an Aunt Stingray — particularly a male one — with a first-rate, stunning, all-conquering excuse for twitching at old wounds ? 'Did n't I think it would just be Christian charity and a kind act to ask him about that great trouble of his'n ? Wanted to see if he wan't gettin over it, of course !' Here the aunt begins to believe that she 's a persecuted virtue. 'Of course I did. Do n't it always relieve folks to talk over their affairs ? 'Spose it did tease him : we can't all expect to be always treated like *kings* and *queens*. If *I* think proper to speak to any one on a subject *I* shall do so.'

Reader of mine, if you are young, *do n't* grow up an Aunt Stingray. Behind all that people *think* is well-bred or gentle-mannered, aristocratic and high-toned, lies the act and the fact of really being so, whether they *think* it or not. If you really want to be that which will give you equal rank among those who are first among the best, and take by one move nine-tenths of all that 's really lady-ly or gentlemanly, do n't — *do n't* be an Aunt Stingray, or a Swingle Ira Parsons. Do n't for an instant believe that you can indulge in any way or ever so little in being gratuitously disagreeable, and still have a right to be regarded as a decent, Christianly, well-bred person. Do n't imagine, however pious or serious you may *think* you are, that you have any earthly business to be a skeleton at dinner-tables. Do n't fancy because you have a 'way' that you have a right to indulge in

it, but rather go into your bed-room and shut the door, and there, by much prayer and resolution, strive to drive out this devil of a way of yours which gets in other people's way. Do n't believe that there's any thing especially fine or respectable in putting on a manner which do n't agree with good manners, and nothing is good-mannered, or even decent-mannered, which makes others feel ill at ease. Do n't believe that there's any thing creditable or well-bred in quoting 'our' ways or what 'we' say, or in cracking up '*our* part of the country,' or in showing off the provincial in any way. If you've always lived, felt, acted, thought, and crawled in a corner; never rose to the level of an enlightened human being, never tried to come into community with the great mass of mankind; why then you're to be pitied, miserably pitied; but all that even's no reason why you should n't hold your tongue and keep quiet until you know enough to shake the hayseed out of your hair, pick up a few items of interest in common with other folks, and keep from pestering them with your 'ways.' Who the devil cares for your ways? 'Or any other man!' I'm not naturally one of your 'cute sort, but since he left his native glades, Mace Sloper always had sense enough to see one thing, and that is, that the low-bred fellow and the green-horn uses himself up among men of the world so soon as he begins to talk about what they say 'in our part of the country,' or *tries* to appear different from the rest. Just of a piece with this is the Ira Parsons 'manner' of affecting to be a man of different ways from those of others. It is wantonly disagreeable. Just in the same line is Aunt Stingray's 'plaguing' people. Just so Mr. Welton Overdam Stamper's treating the whole world as if it might possibly be a pick-pocket. A disregard of the social rights of others lies at the bottom of it all. An irritating hankering to tease and persecute, and the gad-ily sting of a morbid vanity.

There are many people who, because I talk about fermented, spoiled, stale Puritanism, will think I'm *only* hitting at the descendants of the old Plymouth Rockers. The regular cosmopolite, jolly KNICKERBOCKERS know me better by this time. *They* know that our enemies, the snobs and Pharisees and spoil-sports, are world-wide. From Maine to Mexico I see the sombre-faced, gloomy, petty man, fuller of himself and of what is due to *him* than what he owes to others, fuller of the dignity of his native piece of dirt than of his own humanity; setting up in *his* way to be a little god. Reader, my son, keep out of his company; or if you keep it, do n't let yourself be cowed down and persecuted by it. Do n't you do it! People are beginning to find out, as it is, that all this social persecution and imposition of peculiar ways and assumption of small privileges to persecute, is one grand humbug. In a few years there will come great and strong writers, fellows of genius and muscle, great beauty, healthy, roaring young giants of cos-

mopolites, heroes fighting for liberty, who will pitch into this humbug of stale, soured, spoiled Puritanism, and knock it right and left. Its flimsy bug-a-boos will flit away into darkness; its nasty swamps, which are passed off now for holy ground, will be drained; its scare-crows be burned, and the whole concern be knocked to flinders, generally speaking. They do n't seem to know it, but they 're losing ground very fast, these Swingles. A few years ago they held all American society by the throat, and now the whole thinking mind of the country is beginning to chop them down. Even a small Mace Sloper slashes away as well as he can; and when a thing has got so far that humble, common-sense fellows like me are down on it, I can tell you what—its time 's up. So 's mine. Good-by for this month, dear readers, and may the next thirty days be the happiest that ever KNICKERBOCKERS had!

A U T U M N N I G H T .

The night is drunk with beauty: all the air
Is flooded with a mystic melody,
And waves of music ravishingly rare,
Lave all the ambient space 'twixt earth and sky.
From rippling seas of lustrous light, the moon
Smiles with soft radiance on night's perfect noon.

The glassy bosom of the limpid stream
Reflects the timid light of myriad stars,
Whose shadowy rays, as in some fairy dream,
Cage half the slumbering world in silver bars,
And weave a gauzy web of silvery wire,
From dome to tower, from minaret to spire.

All 'Summer sounds' are hushed: the spicy breath
Of summer flowers comes not, for they are gone;
But their last fragrance, yielded up in death,
Mingles with ripe fruit odors, and is borne
In clouds of deathless perfume far on high,
And angels breathe it with a rapturous sigh.

A solemn silence rests on land and sea,
Spirits and genii haunt the mid-night skies,
And gentle ghosts through every moon-lit tree,
Gaze heavenward with sweet and quiet eyes.
Nature is regal in this Autumn night:
Mid-summer's amorous eves are not so bright.

J. HAL. ELLIOT.

MISS GURP'S TRIUMPH.

'MR. BOUNCE! Stephen! you are really too forgetful, Sir; you are dozing in a lady's presence.'

The words were spoken so decisively, that Mr. Bounce — unhappy man then and thereafter — was instantly awakened, and looked innocently at Miss Gulp, who returned his gaze with the ardor that is supposed to generally characterize an affectionate woman: one, for example, who is about to be married to the man at whom she looks. A spider, you know, when hungry, will look lovingly upon a fat fly fairly netted.

It was certainly excusable in Mr. Bounce to sleep during the afternoon of this particular summer day; for the heat out-of-doors being intense, he, sitting by the window, was unconsciously fanned into a slumber by the refreshing coolness of the faint breeze that gently waved the heavy tassels to the curtains of the window, and vibrated the hair upon his head. He had, too, worked diligently that day; taking down from their shelves, to exhibit to ladies of vacillating minds and tastes, and then replacing, many and various rolls of fabrics, from plain cotton cloths to costly silks. It had, notwithstanding the heat, been a busy day in the bazaar in which he was employed; and a relaxation of his energies, whose tension had been severely tested, by a quiet nap, was one of the most natural occurrences in the world. Perhaps the coziness of his seat, and the absence of the sun's rays from the side of the house where he was seated, had some agency in whiling him into a delicious sleep; but it would not be proper to intimate that the somnolent tendency of Mr. Bounce was either partly or wholly induced by the uninteresting conversation that had been maintained, unaided, by Miss Gulp.

'What were you saying, Lucy?' inquired Mr. Bounce, who did not, as many men would have done when discovered in the commission of an ungallant act, endeavor to convince his companion that he had not been asleep, but thinking deeply of some perplexing business matter.

'I said that a month from next Sunday would be our wedding-day. I will dispose of this house after our marriage, and we can procure one farther up-town. I shall be sorry to leave this old, much-loved place, where you and I first read each other's hearts and plighted our affections: it will always be 'in memory dear.' And all my old boarders! I wonder if they'll miss my face from the door as they pass by the house? Really, it would be quite agreeable to know what people will live here after our departure, and whether they will

be as careful of the rooms as I have been. Stephen! surely, you are not asleep again?

'Oh! no. Yes: a month, and we will be asleep again, as you were saying.'

'As I did not say. But you are exhausted. I will excuse your ungallantry, and let you sweetly sleep.'

Before she had ended the sentence, Mr. Bounce's eyes were closed, and his head had gently drooped until it rested upon his shoulder. Miss Gulp dropped her knitting into her lap, and supporting her chin with her hand, gazed steadily at her affianced until the twilight, deepening into darkness, rendered his features indistinct, when she touched his arm, telling him that the hour was late, and that he had promised to take her to the opera: whereupon these two people left the room.

MISS GULP was landlady of a boarding-house situated upon Thwaite-street, No. 139 — a house with a red brick front, and great crimson curtains always blowing in and out at the open windows. This house had acquired an enviable reputation for its excellence in the culinary department; but that was years ago. It had been frequented by many boarders of taste and means. But business had gone up-street with such rapidity that Miss Gulp suddenly discovered that the number of her boarders had diminished from twenty to three, with no prospect of an increase. Her advertisements were unanswered, and she was compelled to console herself by the reflection, that of those persons remaining, none would, she believed, desire to leave her establishment. She forgot that of those who remained with her, two were of a sex that is so fond of a change of habitation, that the most puerile inducements offered are strong reasons for removal.

Miss Gulp's boarders, at the time when she first recognized the serious effects of their diminution, consisted of the following persons: Mrs. Malmsey Buttes, a very fat, asthmatical old lady of fifty years of age, and receiving a moderate income from the invested amount realized upon the sale of the goods and effects of her late deceased husband, the Hon. Perkins Buttes. Then there was her daughter, Miss Isabella, a vestal on whom had shone the sun of some twenty-eight summers, ripening her charms, but at the same time overspreading her attractions with a saffron tint to palliate the effect of their too sudden display. If one might believe her confidential disclosures to her bosom-friend, Miss Seroggs, she had had fifty or more 'proposals,' none of which were acceptable. It is strange how very imaginative ladies of her age become; how mournfully regardless of mathematics in their assertions in which numbers are stated. Last, but most important of the aggregate, was Mr. Bounce, aged twenty-three, a dry-

goods clerk by occupation, always *au fait* in dress. Fashion was his creator, his meat and his drink; yet withal he had no firmness of purpose, and was somewhat deficient in mental qualifications.

Miss Gulp was a little energetic body—a real ‘Becky Sharp’—who could not avoid, for charity’s sake, severing from the sum total of her years only a decade or so; for old Time had not had a fair opportunity to strike her, and brand her with his mark of possession, she was so active and evanescent. Her mouth was her only disagreeable feature: it was too small, and the lips too thin: it was too revengeful in its formation. It could utter bitter words, and betray with a kiss. Yet it was properly proportioned to the rest of her features, so that you never instantly recognized its bad appearance, but ever believed its possessor to be true and lovable, until you provoked her to a display of her passions. She had another, a redeeming feature—her teeth. They were real, genuine teeth, well formed and admirably disposed in the mouth. But when the lips were drawn back in anger, they had the ferocious appearance that characterizes the irritated tiger. So much for Miss Gulp. If she had any good qualities, they were swallowed up in the magnitude of her bad ones, which were usually hidden from public observation by a calm, deceitful demeanor.

There had been, up to within a month of the time when the opening conversation of this story was had, a great deal of by-play and matrimonial diplomacy exhibited and brought into action by and between the mother and daughter Buttes and Miss Gulp, principally relative to the securing of Mr. Bounce for a husband for one of the three intriguing women. Each aspirant for the poor fellow’s hand labored zealously for herself and against her opponents. Mr. Bounce, trammelled by store-duties, and wrapped in himself, never imagined that he was an object to be sought after as a husband. He had neither money nor titles to win a woman’s love, nor did he desire to put his neck under the marital yoke. Yet when a woman really wants a husband, she has to study the subject of ‘bargain and sale.’ If she cannot procure a rich lover, she takes a poor one in preference to none at all: she does not like the idea of being an old maid, and will accept any man for a husband who will save her from such a fate. These three crazy women did not desire above all things money, nor lands. Oh! no: they would rest content with a husband, the rest must tumble onto the domestic stage afterward. Animated by such meek ambitions, these three people were antagonists, and never considered Mr. Bounce as an interested party in these plots. He was entirely ignorant of the schemes created to effect his capture, and of the rivalry, daily increasing in bitterness, existing between Miss Gulp and her lady-boarders.

The turmoil and polite brawling—to speak truthfully—resulted

in the departure of Mrs. and Miss Buttes, who affirmed to their intimate friends that they were disgusted by the matrimonial chicanery of their landlady.

'So *of us*,' said Madam haughtily.

'Charmingly stuck up,' chimed in the daughter.

The truth was, that Miss Gulp had strongly hinted, 'that they might, regardless of her feelings, look elsewhere for lodgings. She should miss them, of course; but ——' The blank was not filled.

Mother and daughter could not, however, when they departed from the house, resist the inclination to give a parting thrust at the object of their dislike. As they passed the parlor-door, Miss Buttes spoke to her mother:

'Mamma, think how happy Miss Gulp will be, if we do not bid her good-by. Perhaps Mr. Bounce may be there, and then we'll invite him to call upon us.'

Madam acquiesced in the suggestion. After the interview, which resulted in sharp words, and a display, terrible, in truth, of feminine sarcasm, in the presence of Mr. Bounce, who received the invitation, the two ladies left the house: in doing so, they consigned, by word of mouth, their late landlady to a thousand terrible fates, to specify which is of little importance; Miss G. very likely being conversant with them all by this time. But she was rid of her antagonists, and had Stephen all to herself, to warily circumscribe with attentions that should denote the immensity of her affection for him. Such a scene as he had witnessed could not fail to reveal the equivocal position in which he stood toward his landlady; but he was more pleased than angered. Mellow Stephen was ready for the gathering; so ripe, that the eager hand had but to touch him, and he would silently drop into the awaiting basket. He was flattered at what he had heard spoken by the ladies in the parlor, and thought about it for days thereafter.

Ah! what a sly, coquettish spider was Miss Lucy Gulp! How neatly she wove every little circumstance at all applicable to her plan into a gorgeous web, into which Mr. Bounce flew with an exhilaration of spirit and vivacity of demeanor perfectly captivating! Then how neatly she entangled his heart in a tracery of subtle insinuations and ill-concealed emotions! She subdued the first struggles of the captive heart by sweet cajolery, and by sighs and remonstrances when he hinted at a departure. Poor fellow! His capture was so gradual, and yet so irresistible; so unconsciously effected, yet so complete in every detail; that he became the affianced of his landlady before he was fairly cognizant of the fact that he had any love in his constitution.

His declaration was drawn from him at an unfortunate moment, at

a time when he supposed himself the freest from all tendency to such a course of action. Alas! he did know himself. He could not explain in what way the affair was conducted to such a termination: he knew that it was a matter of no trifling importance; but was compelled, by a kindliness for the woman's feelings, to await an opportunity to free himself from a promise that in his calmer moods he contemplated with aversion.

Miss Gulp had proved herself so admirable a tactician, that her elation became as uncontrollable as her ambition was boundless. When matters had been so arranged that the hour for a declaration of love from her victim seemed close at hand, her pulse beat with its accustomed regularity, and the blood coursed as calmly as usual through her veins. Mr. Bounce proposed; and after naïve hesitation, and much apparent self-communing on her part—luckily she had no papa, in all the stateliness of a dignity assumed expressly for the occasion, nor a mamma, rustling in silk, or stiff and formal in brocade, to whom she could refer the loving swain—she said 'yes' to his somewhat frigid question, sighed like an apoplectic cat, while resting her head upon his shoulder—this she did for effect—and yearned for an acceleration of the day when she would become Madam Bounce.

From the day of this proposal, Mr. Bounce was a martyr in a cause whose merits he did not comprehend, and upon which he soon determined not to enlarge the scope of his information. By particular request, he accompanied Miss Gulp to places of amusement, solaced the tedium of her weary evening hours by repeating, in a husky voice, 'Barbara Allen' and 'Angelina Smith'—both very plaintive, affectionate ballads, and by sleeping; Miss G. watching him all the while with inquisitive eyes.

At long intervals of time he would sit at the window, with his hands to his face, and picture his future life. It was terrible, this certainty of a marriage with a woman unloved and unloving. The condemned criminal's anguish on the morning of his execution could not exceed that of this poor man. Yet he could not tell in what manner he was to free himself from his promise. So he waited for time to erect a barrier to this adhesion to his vow.

His wife! what a harsh and unloving word it was to him! The more he considered the certainty of the sentence he had pronounced upon himself in a moment of fascination, the clearer there appeared to his agonized mind the entire absence of vitality and genuineness in their respective positions, the stronger grew his repugnance to the sacrifice of himself. And to what unsatisfactory conclusions did all his ruminations tend! What a retribution awaited him for his surrender to the sorcery of an artful, designing, utterly heartless woman!

The maintenance of such star-chamber courts between his heart and his head, afforded him no relief, no satisfaction. They only plunged him deeper into the thick despair that gathered around his prospects. They suggested no remedy for a self-inflicted injury. All this time his every movement was carefully watched by his betrothed, who exulted in a triumph not yet complete. Thus had these two creatures existed for a month. There was no explosion of passion on the part of Mr. Bounce, to mar the felicity of their domestic existence. His was a stoicism worthy of all commendation.

They were seated at the breakfast-table the morning after their attendance at the opera. Miss Gulp was the first to break a silence of several minutes' duration, by a direct and significant reference to their approaching nuptials, for which she was making extensive and rather expensive preparations. Mr. Bounce considered the opportunity a proper one to effect that revulsion of feeling for the success of which, in his own behalf, he had struggled with himself for several days. It was a momentous occasion. He commenced his work nobly :

'I think, Lucy——'

'Indeed! how remarkable! Well, it's a proper exercise of the mental faculties,' she said facetiously.

Mr. Bounce paid no attention to her remark, but continued: 'I think, Lucy, that I shall not marry for six or seven years.' He drew back from the table, and breathed freer, now that he had said it.

But what a fire-brand of discord he had thrown up to exhibit the darkest phase of a woman's evil passions! Her lips drew apart, and showed the white teeth in a ghastly smile of rage — of insatiable hatred. The eye-brows touched each other as she frowned, and her color fled, and left her white with anger.

'Not marry, Sir?' she spoke deliberately and distinctly, as if her soul, swelling with unutterable contempt for her hearer, was chafing and fretting because she failed to have suitable words to express the immensity of her passion. 'Not marry? Pray what will become of *me* — your betrothed? Do you wish to afford to my acquaintances an object for their jeers and mockeries? To make me the laughing-stock of the community? To ruin my reputation? To make my name a by-word of contempt? To make me kill you as you sit there in your foolishness? What excuse can you offer for this outrage to save you from a thrust of this knife?' She nervously fingered the carving-knife as she spoke, and glanced murderously at Bounce. Her voice had risen with her anger, and she shrieked the last question across the table. Her companion's courage deserted him at this display of ferocity.

'Excuses? Reasons? Miss Gulp — Lucy. I do n't know. I have n't any. If you please. I will change my boarding-house. There's too much sameness about our existence to create any desire for its continuance for a life-time when we are husband and wife. It is a detestable consideration. I am determined not to endure such servitude as would be the result of this marriage. I have never loved you: no one can ——'

He was going on bravely, when Miss Gulp, rising from the table, said: 'That will do, Sir. We will defer the oration until some other time. I will meet you at supper.'

All day was Mr. Bounce haunted by the terrible look that had appeared upon Miss Gulp's face, as she heard his declaration that morning. He half resolved not to reënter the house. As evening approached, his will became more inflexible than ever to adhere to what he had uttered in the morning, and to be dauntless in that adhesion, and he entered the house firm in that determination. Miss Gulp had also considered the subject, and was resolved to do certain things if Stephen Bounce refused compliance with her demands.

They were seated at the table. The gilded, old-fashioned china, that had so often charmed his hungry senses, as he returned from the severe labors of the day, no longer possessed any attractions for Mr. Bounce. All thought was swallowed up in the expectation of what was to ensue. He remembered the many happy hours that he had passed in that room, in the companionship of his present antagonist, sitting opposite to him at the table. Such memories weakened his courage. Miss Gulp sat silent, with her eyes fixed upon her plate. As he looked, Stephen thought he saw a glittering drop fall upon her plate. Could it be that she was weeping. She appeared as if she knew he was watching her; for her fretful teeth bit the quivering lip until it was stained a darker hue by the responsive blood. Suddenly she looked up.

'Stephen, will you marry me?' she asked.

'I cannot,' he answered.

'You will, of course, readily recognize the justice of what I am about to say. We have been engaged a month or more. My acquaintances are informed of my attachment. If you cast me off like an old garment, what alleviation do you propose for my wounded feelings? What preventive will you offer that my name may not be bandied about among your companions, and among my own, with light words of pity? The very idea of the scorn and sneers I must encounter after this conduct of yours, fairly maddens me. I cannot express my indignation at your infamous determination. What is your excuse?'

'I do not love you.'

'Why did you ask mine, if you did not love? Why this unnecessary outrage upon my feelings? Why propose to me?'

'I do not know.'

'Yet you will not marry me? Give me your final answer!'

'I cannot marry you. That is final.'

There was a solemn silence, for several minutes, broken at last by Miss Gulp.

'Stephen — permit me to call you so, as a sister — I am compelled to leave the city for a time, to-morrow, upon business needing my immediate and careful attention. Let us bury our differences. *Then*, as a friend, would it be too severe a demand upon you to remain here during my absence, and take charge of the place? Servants will be careless, you know, Mr. Bounce, and I have no one else but you, to whom to apply. You can leave, if you so insist, upon my return. May I depend upon you?'

Stephen assured her that she might confide her treasures in his possession, and that he would use the utmost care in guarding her interests. That he regretted the bitterness that had arisen between them; but that it was certainly better to understand each other now than after marriage.

'No more of that subject, if you please, Stephen! I shall depart in the morning early, so I bid you good-night, and good-by now. It may be six weeks before my return. I place implicit reliance upon your promise to be a good custodian of my property. Good night.'

She took his proffered hand, and looked steadfastly into his eye; her lips moved, but they were drawn back, and the white teeth glittered savagely in the light. Their exhibition was a bad test for the sincerity of the sentiment she had expressed. Turning quickly, even angrily, she went up stairs.

Mr. Bounce slept peacefully through the night. It was not so with Miss Gulp. While he was happy because he was rid of an incubus in the form of the detested marriage that had sorely pressed upon him, she, full of hatred, walked her room throughout the long night, talking wildly to herself. Thoughts of the ridicule she would encounter from all the people she knew, chafed her proud spirit into a fierce, unappeasable desire for revenge. 'Not marry me!' she muttered: 'wo be upon him. He must learn that I have a will and hands to prompt and execute my resolves. He spurned my love, as if it were a disgrace. Well! it was not love; but other people believed it to genuine; and for me, the result is the same.' When she did not maintain such communings with her troubled soul, she wrote, and thus occupied, the morning light found her.

Being assured of the fact of his landlady's absence, Stephen Bounce

was supremely happy; and the expression of that happiness found outlets in little dinner-parties, and card-parties, and wine-parties; all of which were given in Miss Gulp's house.

He smoked, unrebuked, in the parlor, and lounged on a costly sofa; with his feet resting upon venerable, antique chairs that had maintained a handsome polish, and a pompous dignity of appearance, for years, under the tender assiduities of Miss Gulp.

He never troubled his mind about his landlady. His parties grew more and more hilarious as one succeeded another. At first his guests numbered six, but they gradually increased until he saw gathered round him at the table a dozen companions, who rioted and shouted their bacchanals until the venerable house would quiver under the vibrations. And it really seemed as if the sounds became entangled in some labyrinthine chamber of the mansion; for at various times of the day, shrill and guttural notes would sound in the passage, or in some silent chamber, as if just freed from the mazes of an acoustic tube; they issued from distant, unoccupied apartments with a sudden, gruff accentuation. At such occurrences and their results, the old servant would shake her head, and mutter that 'it was high time mistress came home.' So it was, if she had any desire to maintain the hitherto untarnished reputation of her house; for Bounce was already securing for it, by his dissipation, a name that was disreputable. Neighbors talked about the orgies held therein as only envious people can talk. Certainly, Miss Lucy Gulp, listen to the invocation of your well-wishers, and return to wrest your hitherto peaceful abode from the possession of one who is bringing ruin upon the roof that has sheltered you for years.

Time travels by rail-road when one is drunk. Mr. Bounce was so conditioned. His employers had discharged him for his inattention to his duties, and the little that he had saved out of his salary was rapidly diminished by the expense of his entertainments. He had no situation; his character was not irreproachable, and clung to him in his misfortune. His degradation only urged him into deeper excesses. He could not accurately compute the number of days since his landlady's departure, but had an indistinct idea that it was about a fortnight, and with such approximation to the truth remained content.

It was on a Wednesday evening, just five weeks from the night when he and Miss Lucy were made to understand their relative positions, that Bounce gave a party: a select party; a party of the *ton*. Alas! they were of the heels, not of the heads of society. The host was replete with the current wit of the day, but it was underdone; suitable only for savages. His listeners were enjoying one of his

lusty-lunged speeches. A speech? Certainly. Any fool is allowed to make his speech now-a-days, and Bounce was not an extraordinary example. His hearers were applauding vociferously, when the door was stealthily opened behind him, and a woman's face came slowly into view. Tom Briggs was seated just behind the door, and in his intoxication, noticing this apparition, suddenly shouted the truth to his companions. 'A ghost, boys! a ghost. It's better than that sea-serpent story, Bounce, so just cut it short.' As he spoke, he pressed his feet heavily against the door, which quickly closed upon the neck of the intruder, and for a minute held it as if it were in a vice. It was a horrible sight to witness the sudden discoloration of the face; the protruding eyes; the lolling tongue drooping from the open mouth, hideous with the throes of a strangling creature; to see how vainly the tongue would now and then wag, as if in the utterance of a plea for life. The hair, in the efforts of the head to free itself, became unbound, and hung like a drop-curtain before this terrible scene.

The pressure was not removed until Mr. Bounce, interrupted in his discourse by the wild clamor of his comrades, descended from his rostrum, a chair, and looked upon the object of their mirth and uproar. He pushed back from the face the heavy, drooping hair. Then his hands fell nerveless by his side, and he staggered to a chair.

'It's my landlady,' said he, in a frightened tone. 'It's my landlady, and no ghost. Get your foot from the door! Briggs, you are strangling her.' He rose and pushed aside Briggs, now asleep. Miss Gulp fell to the floor.

'Some water, boys, quick!' shrieked the frantic Bounce. 'Give me some brandy: yes; the bottle.' He dashed the water into her face, and poured the fiery stimulant into her mouth. In a short time, the poor woman was sufficiently recovered to sit up and look around the room. Suddenly she broke the silence of the place. Advancing to the table, and leaning upon it, she spoke to those around.

'This is admirable; truly complimentary, both to Mr. Bounce's taste, and to my return. Gentlemen, permit me to thank you.' She snuffed the tainted air with her thin nostrils, and awaited the subsidence of the laughter caused by her remark.

'Glad you like it, marm,' spoke one of the listeners: whereat the company again laughed heartily. She looked at the speaker in such a blighting way that he left unfinished the remainder of his remark.

'Things have arrived at a pretty pass, Mr. Bounce. Such commendatory care as you have taken in maintaining the nicety of my premises, is truly refreshing. Then, too, what a kind welcome home I have received: nearly assassinated in my own house. Dismiss your drunken friends, Sir, and then, if you please, come to my room.'

'What a fury!' spoke one, as she staggered out of the room, and closed the door.

'A tigress, rather. What are you going to do Steve?' said another.

'Pay my bill and retire with glorious shame, if she does n't munch me first. There'll be right sharp work though. The wine and smoke have made me ill-tempered. But as this is positively our last appearance here, let us drink to the misfortune of our friend, Miss Gulp, and to our reëappearance upon another field of action.'

The glasses clinked pleasantly in response to this neat little speech, and all present shook hands, as customary, with their host.

After his companions had departed he stood, for several minutes, upon the front-steps of the house listening to the midnight bells, and gazing at the full splendor of the moon. As he turned to enter the house, he saw a carriage standing on the opposite side of the way in the shadow of a huge locust-tree, the last of its race upon that street.

'If she come in state, can I not afford to make as grand a departure?' he said, as he mounted the stairs to Miss Gulp's room. How soon was his question answered, yet how adversely to his wishes! Better, happier, would it have been for him, had he departed with his companions, instead of seeking the presence of one whom he had terribly aggrieved. In candor, in sincerity do I state that Mr. Bounce was greatly agitated as he mounted to Miss Gulp's room. He asked himself if he had not proved untrustworthy? Had he not basely betrayed a confidence which this unfortunate woman had placed in him, by inexcusable neglect and by the orgies of himself and his companions? Had she not just cause for her indignation when she entered her house and discovered his prominent position in that evening's most extravagant excesses?

Ah! Stephen Bounce, notwithstanding your knowledge — not a little, in your own self-sufficient conceit, whatever may have been the estimation placed upon it by others — you had never experienced the results of the just anger of a woman scorned! Hadst thou been well versed in the lore of human passions, thou wouldst eagerly have fled from the house and have hidden from the vengeance of a woman whose better nature thou hadst outraged, and whose substance thou hadst somewhat wasted in intemperate living. Better to flee now than to pursue thy way and encounter such fatal opposition to thy purposes and thy stubbornness of spirit, as thou never yet conjured up in thy gloomiest moods!

If he could have received such timely warning as the above, this story would probably have been unwritten; but if written, very untrue, to say nothing of its improbability.

Not receiving such friendly interposition, he walked defiantly into the presence of Miss Gulp—once '*my Lucy*.' The name did n't affect him now in the least. Why should it?

He had not advanced ten feet into the room, when his arms were seized and pinioned, and a gag thrust into his mouth by two burly ruffians that had been concealed behind the door. Do n't censure them for this attack! They had been employed to accomplish this and other purposes by Miss Gulp. To do their duty without reluctance enabled them to earn their bread. One must live, you know. They treated him gently enough after the assault, and stood by his side awaiting the further directions of Miss Gulp, who sat busily writing at her desk, having paid no attention to the disturbance. She appeared morose, and wrote mechanically upon the paper. At last, one of the men, weary of waiting and of the silence that, broken only by the scratching of the lady's pen in its rapid progress over the paper, reigned supreme in the apartment, spoke hesitatingly to his mistress.

'If you please, Madam!'

She looked up, and commenced to fold the letter.

'Do n't Madam me, Chris.! What do you want?' As she spoke she put the letter into an envelope and sealed it.

'We have the gentleman.' He touched Bounce upon the shoulder, and awaited Miss Gulp's reply.

'You will not fail to do as I have bid you. Do not forget to mail this letter.'

'I will do my best. I think you may trust me.'

'I do, Chris.' She got up from the chair and put on her shawl and bonnet. 'I am ready; you may carry him to the carriage just as he is: but use him gently!'

Bounce, at these words, looked imploringly at her, and deprecatingly nodded his head. She was passing him at the time on her way to the carriage, but stopped and said to his custodians.

'Wait a minute, men, and loosen the gag just a little!' Then to the victim, motioning him to be silent. 'You can never know how much your conduct has pained me. You not only trample upon my affections, but must beget for my house a name of disrepute. I ask you, *you*, Stephen Bounce, if your action can be viewed in any other light than a most ungentlemanly and revolting course of conduct? Wait till I am through! It is a breach of every rule pertaining to an honorable character. It should make you despise yourself. You have rejected me as a betrothed woman; my vows of betrothal were unchangeable: yours like the winds. You have held nightly revels in my house. The law for these wrongs gives me no remedy. I will take my own revenge, and my triumph shall be as complete in every part as human ingenuity can devise: it shall mark a night in your life

and in mine, or it shall make this night memorable to the people by its results. Once more, I ask you to make reparation for my sufferings by marrying me.'

Bounce was not at all alarmed by her threats. The very idea of coërcing him into marriage angered him, and he exclaimed: 'Marry you! Why, Madam, I'd as soon think of wedding an Egyptian mummy. You shall repent this assault.'

'Never,' said Miss Lucy huskily. 'You shall not have the power to do harm again. Chris., put the gag into his mouth, and take him to the carriage.'

She walked haughtily out of the house and entered the vehicle now drawn up before the door. Stephen was brought down and thrust upon the seat beside her. The men mounted and sat by the driver, and the carriage drove rapidly away. A jolt at a cross-walk threw him at Miss Gulp's feet. She pushed him away scornfully, but did not assist him to rise; perfectly helpless, he lay upon his back where she had thrust him.

In vain did he strive to utter his rage: the gag prevented its emission. He did not for a moment believe that the affair would have a serious, a tragical termination. He considered these violent proceedings in the light of an intimidation: as an effort to compel him to acquiesce to a hateful marriage, and sullenly awaited the culmination of this misfortune. Perhaps the poor fellow approximated nearer to the truth than he imagined when, in a conversation with his betrothed, he had asserted 'that woman would readily sacrifice soul and body to marry the man she loved; even if no friendly emotion for her ever disturbed the placidity of her affections.' Lying upon the matting, in the darkness of the carriage, with the silent, revengeful woman wreaking her animosity upon his body thus far, by his subjection to a contemptible degradation, it may be that Bounce considered the uncertainty of life in connection with this mysterious transaction that was gradually introducing into his mind gloomy doubts and terrible questions that might be answered adversely to his own hopes. Time would reveal all. He wished that Miss Gulp had not ridden with him. He was afraid of her, now that she held him in subjugation.

At last his mind centred its anxiety in the question, 'What will she do with me?' and involved itself for the remainder of the ride in the perplexities which it engendered.

In the suburbs of the city, where the buildings were scattered and the pedestrians few in number, the carriage drew up before an old, dilapidated house, with half-hung shutters hanging all awry, and roofless, the roof having been whirled into the street one night by a furious storm. In the bright moon-light it appeared like some ancient, diminutive castle, modernized by clap-boards and put down in the

outskirts of this great metropolis. Imagination plays such freaks with our sober senses that we must beware of its untruthfulness. Mr. Bounce did n't attach any romantic notions to the edifice. In fact, he was not allowed time to scrutinize any thing, being hurried by his burly conductors from the carriage to the building; while the hackman was paid his fare, and drove away.

Mr. Bounce was conveyed into a large, open chamber: the ceiling had been removed and the roof had disappeared, so that he looked directly up to heaven as he rested upon his back.

In the centre of the room, which was devoid of all furniture, save a huge gas-pipe, and naked of all upholstery; bare walls on four sides, and the sky above; in the centre of this room, where bats and vermin held uninterrupted congress, was a large balloon, full to bursting, bending and springing back as the night-wind kissed its top; rolling from side to side gently, gracefully, like a huge ship buffeted by contending billows; tugging and groaning at the ropes that withheld it from suddenly surging upward into space. It was magnificent in its construction, being of white silk, striped with black; at the same time, it was unique by reason of its colors.

Bounce watched it closely, trembling the while with an illy-defined fear of being lashed, Mazeppa like, to this swift, unruly courser of the air, and sent into the howling storm-clouds and upon the very battleground of the warring elements. He feared; but in such natures as his fear holds close alliance with stern, uncompromising bravery, and presents bold front to impending dangers.

Here then, was the object which had employed in unceasing labor the five weeks of absence of Miss Gulp. She had been in the city the whole of this time, and in the manufacture of this balloon had expended all her resources. She surveyed it, as it tugged at its moorings, with a feeling akin to pride; you could see it in her eyes.

As if to test the resolution of Mrs. Bounce by all this paraphernalia of an unspoken death, she once more demanded of him that reparation for wrongs, which marriage would prove. The demand was couched in no very pleasing words; and Mr. Bounce, uninfluenced by the terrible preparations for his sacrifice, answered in the negative. She then entered the basket, and Bounce, still bound and struggling violently but ineffectually, was placed beside her upon the seat.

'Is every thing ready, Chris.?' said the lady, as calmly as if engaged in the most ordinary business in the world.

'Yes, ma'am,' said both the men. Whereupon she shook hands with them, and bade them remember such and such things, naming them, and to follow the directions she had given relative to certain matters. With which they promised compliance.

'Cut the ropes,' she said. Two ropes were instantly severed. The

balloon, eager to be away to the heavens to salute each beckoning star and to cleave with amorous front the snow-white clouds, swayed violently and nearly precipitated the occupants of the basket to the floor. Miss Gulp's face paled at the occurrence, and turning to her companion, she asked : ' Do you still persist in your refusal ? '

He nodded his head. She sighed when she saw the action. Perhaps she hesitated to complete the rash enterprise in which she had foolishly engaged. But pride was as dominant in her as in her companion, and the remaining ropes were cut, without hesitation or dissent on her part. With an easy, graceful motion, the aerial beauty, with its freight of hating humanity, ascended ; the moon-light gliding athwart the pale, rigid features of the voyagers, revealed how completely they adhered to their determinations to conquer each other's will. It was a scene long to be remembered by the rough creatures left gazing upward as the buoyant balloon swam easily in the white light. The two, sitting side by side in the grimness of their bitter feud, were but as demons enjoying a moon-light excursion on the illimitable sea of sweet night air, unrippled but by the low murmur of the buzzing insect, or the louder note of some hungry beast of prey.

All nature slept. Chris. and his companion yet stood gazing at the balloon, which had attained an altitude of about three hundred feet.

' Hark ! what was that ? ' said the eager, listening Chris., clutching Tim fiercely by the arm.

Again the sound came distinctly down to them, soft and sweet in its cadences, like the voice of a great singer murmuring the musical notes of a wild love-song, with all its passion and all its hopelessness put forth in the effort. It pierced the trembling air like the quick rays of lightning, and revealed to the world a situation of sublime terror, in which every hope and aspiration were merged into the fears that prompted the long, wailing cry that came from the heavens, like the voice of an angel appealing to humanity for aid. It pealed its supplication in trembling strains of agony that smote the ear of the heaven as a knell to note the fleeting moments of one, young yet unsubmitive to the terrors of her death. Once more it descends to earth on the pinions of the gentle night zephyrs that quiver with the terrible burden of the words they bear.

' Chris. ! Chris. ! O my dear Chris. ! where is the valve-rope ? We wish to descend, Chris. Where is the valve-rope ? He has promised. Yet, O HEAVEN ! we can do nothing but die ! '

It swept down to them on the quiet air, a cry so fearful and despairing, that the two men clutched each others arms and looked into each other's faces with tear-moistened eyes.

' Do you hear her, Tim ? Do you hear what she asks ? It is the
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valve-rope, man. What did you do with it? Did you not fasten it to the valve? Tell me that you did, Tim.'

'Chris., what shall I do and say? I did not understand the fastening, and waited to speak to you about it: I forgot it! God forgive me for my short memory.'

'And she has no knife, nothing with which to cut the bag. Let's go man, and not stand here to be arrested. Poor woman! poor boy! we cannot save you!'

Still came the terrible question in its eager supplication for an answer, which it should never receive, even though the city should be aroused from its slumbers by the persistent demand. It could not be answered but in eternity. The vain suppliants for earthly intervention passed into the dark confines of illimitable space. The balloon, swiftly ascending, disappeared, with its freight, from mortal vision.

Whether it still floats above us with the majesty and stateliness it was wont to possess: whether it has descended to earth, unseen, and reposes with its companions upon the moor, the mountain, or in the forest, with its rags fluttering mournfully, like a victorious banner, over the bleaching skeletons of the unfortunate voyagers, may never be known on earth.

Such was Miss Gulp's Triumph.

GNITE PUISSE.

A T H O U G H T .

I.

My friend and I sat down at lunch,
Our spirits gay, though minus punch:
The fruit—as luscious, tempting pile,
As ever grew on Indian isle!

II.

Sr. Louis says: 'We'll now divide
These pears, and eat the sunny side,
But cast the shady side away,
For shadow doth the soul dismay.'

III.

'If thou 'rt my Friend,' I quick replied,
'Life's shade and sun-shine both divide:
And each take half—for sweetness cloys;
Even gold itself requires alloys.'

THE HERMIT OF NEW-YORK.

IN the year 1857, a year memorable for pulling down quasi-rotten institutions of commerce, and building them up again on a more enduring basis, and in one of the most eligible and most frequented positions in Broadway, or for that matter, in New-York, stood the store of the hero of this my story.

His name was — But stay : here is a fac-simile of his sign :

'Jeromus Jollykins, Dealer in Foreign and Domestic Segars.'

Commerce fluctuated, but J. Jollykins was immovable. Crash ! bang ! went houses in Wall-street, houses in Murray-street, houses all over. Desolation stalked rampant around and above Jeromus Jollykins, 'but still the bold tobacconist withstood the shock.' Men with eager, cadaverous faces hurried hither and thither ; Jeromus Jollykins complacently smoked his segar, snapped his fingers at the surrounding blight, like another Nero, with the trifling difference that Nero did n't smoke.

There are two great tributaries to a man's peace of mind : a full purse and an easy conscience. Jeromus Jollykins possessed both. It was this that enabled him to smoke and smile and snap his fingers. Moreover, he was young, and — shall I say it ? — good-looking. Young and good-looking, and kept a segar-store in a prominent spot in Broadway ! Had he kept a segar-store in some less prominent spot, say seventeen hundred and ninety-five Broadway, what would have availed his youth and good-looks ? Unknown, unknowing, he might have smoked his way through this vale of tears, nor never loved,

'Nor felt soft woman's sigh ;'

for that — although I have omitted to mention it — was another tributary to our young friend's peace of mind. Yes, to complete the measure of his happiness, Jeromus was in love : to make him

'Blest beyond the lot of mortals,'

he had every reason to believe that the dear girl reciprocated the flame. Thrice happy Jeromus ! most enviable of Jollykinses !

When the neighboring chime had sounded forth the hour of nine o'clock P.M., when customers were tardy and segar-selling began to wane, with what alacrity would our hero put up his shutters and cross the Hellespont to Hoboken, where resided the object of his adoration, his own sweet Hero. By the silver light of the moon, when that august luminary deigned to shine upon them, would he wander through the Elysian Fields, (how appropriately named,) basking in the sun

shine of her he loved, and receiving from her own sweet lips the delightful assurance that his affections were not misplaced; on the contrary, he might consider himself the most treasured of tobaccoconists.

Between segars and sentiment, there is nothing inimical, nothing paradoxical. There is a soothing luxury in the former which oftentimes begets the latter. Is not your dreamiest smoker your most cloud-capt sentimentalist? See the curling wreaths that circle over his head! Are they not big with cunningest conceits; with most magnificent Utopias? Are they not, each in itself, a sentiment?

Many a fairy palace traced Jeromus Jollykins in these cloudlets; many a fairy profile of his dear one's face!

'Bless her,' said he, rapturously, one day over his post-prandial segar. 'I'll pop the question this very night.' And as he spoke, the palace and the profile dissolved themselves into thin air.

Poor Jeromus! was not this a warning to thee to abstain from segars and sentiment? Didst read no lesson in that dissolving view? Was it not a type to thee of woman's inconstancy?

II.

THE store of Jeromus Jollykins, with its shutters on, slumbered in undisturbed repose the next day, and the next, and for many days and nights afterward. Jeromus had suddenly retired from business—most unaccountably retired from business. He had expatriated himself from the world, from its flaunting show, from its falseness and from its mockeries. The woman whom he loved had deceived him, had trifled with his heart, had refused him—him, Jeromus Jollykins! What now had he got to live for? Immerse himself in business and forget her? He could not do that. Plunge himself into the vortex of speculation; buy up all the Havanas and Cubas of the South in one wild venture? Alas! would that efface her image from his heart? He thought of turning politician, of investing his capital in securing the votes of the free and enlightened constituents of his own ward; but the thought was no sooner formed than crushed; his soul recoiled from the chicanery of the Legislature. No! he had it! He would encase himself in some hermit's cloak and cowl, and seek some very lonely spot—the lonelier the better—where he might end his unhappy days in retirement and the cultivation of his beard. Yes! what balm to his outraged bosom in the very thought! Verily, a solace more soothing than the finest cut of John Anderson.

Acting on this self-sacrificing resolution while the notion was yet warm within him, Jeromus Jollykins ordered his stock-in-trade to be carefully stored away from public view, while with desperation in his eye and a hammer in his hand he ruthlessly tore down the sign that for years had informed the smoking public of his name and occupation.

On the shutters, painted so bright and yellow but two short months before, he chalked up the laconic sentence: 'This store to let.' Having done all which, and given his boy his blessing and a month's wages in advance, he betook himself to the solitude his soul so yearned to revel in.

In those unfortunate days, announcements similar to the one which Mr. Jollykins had chalked upon his window-shutters, were by no means uncommon. 'Bursting' days, so to speak, they were indeed; days in which the toilings, the plannings, the economies of a life-time, all went at one fell swoop. To the eye of the public, therefore, the simple announcement that the store of Mr. Jollykins was to let, created no surprise. Establishments of more reputed wealth, of more magnificent merchandises, had succumbed to the prevailing epidemic. But to the particular few, those who knew that despite the hardness of the times, Mr. Jollykins had been doing a snug little business, and moreover, had a snug little sum at his disposal in the Shoe and Leather Bank; to those it was for the time being a subject of wonder and gossip; but only for the time being. Greater wonders were reserved; the mammoth dry-goods firm of Spool, Tape and Company came down with a crash. Liabilities, two millions of dollars! Here was something to talk about! What were all the segar-stores in Broadway compared to this — two millions of dollars!

III.

THE voluntary exile of Mr. Jeromus Jollykins was not without a precedent. He himself had read of a Timon and of a Diogenes — men famed in history for their talents and erudition, who, nevertheless, becoming disgusted with the hollow mockery of things mundane, had shut themselves up in self and solitude. Had Mr. Jollykins known of some hermit's cave, at a respectable distance from the 'busy haunts,' nothing would have given him greater pleasure than to have taken an immediate and indefinite lease of it. Failing this, however, he took possession of a dilapidated building in Ninety-first street, which building he instantly set about arranging and furnishing in the simplest and most primeval style. What mattered it to Mr. Jollykins, so that it excluded the summer's heat and winter's cold; so that he contrived to grow his own corn and cabbages, and raise his own pigs and poultry, what more had he to hope for in this world? He steeled his breast, and let his nails and beard grow. He read the dismallest books and wrote the most lugubrious verses. He washed his own linen, and clothed himself in cast-off habiliments. He caused a high wall to be built around his premises; this served the double purpose of shutting out the inquisitive eyes of the public, and shutting in his own live-stock. He smoked very black pipes, and ate still blacker

bread ; the latter was sweet to Jeromus, because it was his own production — growing, grinding, and baking. He had all the wants of aboriginal man, and he was content, or seduced himself to that belief, which is just the same thing. Thus, months had passed away. The world without was a sealed book to him ; he was incurious as to its pages. The tie that had bound him to humanity had been snapped. *She* was faithless to him. She — she for whom he had reared such splendid edifices by dint of segar-smoke, had uttered that fatal word ‘No!’ O hapless, luckless Jeromus Jollykins !

‘The bleak winds of March’ were holding high carnival around the battered habitation of this love-sick, world-sick recluse. ‘T was a bitter night, a night on which shivering wretches drew thin rags closely around them, and hurried through inhospitable streets to scarcely more hospitable homes. Blackness and tempest were abroad. Trees bent before the breath of Boreas, and strong buildings trembled to their very foundations. Jeromus Jollykins, the ghost of his former self, and a very dirty one at that, sat in his cheerless room, dolefully eating his evening meal. Through many a crack and cranny of the frail building the wind came whizzing in ; now playful and fantastic, anon boisterous and threatening ; around his feet, across his purple nose and grizzly beard, down his breast and through his back-bone, causing one universal shiver and chatter which rendered it no easy task for him to do justice to the dubious-looking piece of pork and black bread which lay before him.

Mr. Jollykins, at the best, was taciturn, even to himself ; but on this particular occasion he could not avoid exclaiming, as he drew his shoulders up to his ears : ‘Ugh ! what a devil’s wind this is ; the old shanty lets it in like a riddle!’ Saying which, he rose, poked up the dying embers on the hearth, and put some fresh wood upon it. The wood crackled, while Mr. Jollykins finished his supper. A bright blaze soon gave a comparative air of cheerfulness to the apartment. It shone upon the dingy walls, the blackened ceiling, the mud-begrimed floor ; it even dared to penetrate to the wo-begone visage of the modern Malachite ; he shifted uneasily in his creaking chair, as if the flickering rays were distasteful to him, as if he had no sympathy in common with light and heat. At last he arose, and from a rude shelf in a corner of the apartment took down a well-smoked pipe ; this he filled from a canister containing tobacco which lay beside it ; lit his pipe, resumed his chair, and commenced smoking greedily. In renouncing the world, Mr. Jollykins still clung to this one solitary luxury, his pipe. It was his only companion, his infallible antidote to blue-devils. Mr. Jollykins smoked at first with a vicious, vindictive puff. The smoke issued in thick opaque clouds from his mouth, and soon filled the apartment ; then by degrees it came more slowly and less

muscularly. By degrees, also, and as if it were mechanically, he drew his chair closer and closer to the now glowing fire. The hard, stern lines upon his face disappeared one by one; his head partially drooped upon his shoulders; his eyes remained steadily fixed upon the hearth, as if he read there the history of his past and future life. It must have been so, else why did Mr. Jollykins heave that heavy, weary sigh? He was in imagination once more across the Hellespont to his Hero. With her he was again roaming through the Elysian Fields, cheerful and happy, because full of love and life and hope. It was not March there; no bleak winds, nor black clouds, but a balmy atmosphere and a clear, bright moon; not more clear and bright, however, than the two hearts that beat in tranquil unison beneath it. Once more the stern, hard expression, the spasmodic working of the hands, the painful twitching of the mouth. Oh! agony to think of past and present, to paint the future — torture worse than death. Seclusion fosters thought. The worm in the heart is gnawing, gnawing!

IV.

SUDDENLY Mr. Jeromus Jollykins sprang to his feet. He became aware, for the first time, that he was not alone. The figure of a stranger stood before him. All human figures were strangers to Mr. Jollykins. This was the first he had ever seen within those walls. It was that of an old man — an old man, with deep marks of care upon his pale face, and a form slightly bent, but withal firm as if held up by some fixed, indwelling purpose. Removing his hat as the eyes of Jeromus met his, he disclosed a clear and open forehead, and hairs whitened by the frost of many winters.

‘You remember me?’ said this mysterious personage, still standing as he spoke, and looking at the haggard face before him.

Palsied with superstitious fear, the tongue of Jeromus Jollykins refused to answer. It could not be a human presence! His walls were high, his gate well locked and bolted! Was it an illusion of his eyes, some horrible fantasy of his bewildered brain? It again spoke.

‘You remember me?’ The voice was low, but fearfully distinct. The tone, half-affirmative, half-interrogatory.

Slowly and gradually Mr. Jeromus Jollykins recognized the speaker and the voice. It was no apparition figure, but flesh and blood entity. ‘Mr. Blanding! Is it possible?’

‘The same, Jeromus. Not much altered, am I? But you — you, Jeromus Jollykins — alas! —’

‘Well, well, what of me?’ fiercely interrupted that individual, now completely reassured. ‘You find *me* altered, do you? You do n’t find me the gay young Paris I used to be, eh? Bah! I was a fool, a dupe! your daughter, a faithless Helena. Ay! look well at me, old

man: would I were a masculine Medusa, that the look might petrify you.'

But Mr. Blanding was more in a melting mood than otherwise. He came not there to chide, but to ask forgiveness. He had been the cause of all this change of fortune, this unhappiness. The wreck before him was his handiwork. He felt he had committed a great crime. To atone for that crime was now his most earnest wish. This had brought him hither. Day after day had he silently beleaguered these walls, day after day had he knocked at that gate; it was in vain; the hermit was deaf to all exterior sounds. Secure within his Hesperides, with walls and bolts and bars for dragons, he was resolved to withstand the seductions of the enemy. What the old man could not effect by plain and open dealing, he was determined he should by force or stratagem. The boisterousness of the elements favored his purpose, and he stood before Jeromus, meekly bowing his head before his passionate rebuke. Marking his submission, the latter continued boldly: 'Why do I find you here like a mid-night thief? Is it to gloat over the wretchedness—for you think I am wretched—you have caused? Is it to triumph in the spoliations of your amiable daughter? Bah! I hate you and her! I hate all the world! Away with you! your face is obnoxious to me; it reminds me of her. She is a ——'

'Hush!' and the old man's head was suddenly raised; his body stood firm and erect as a poplar. 'Hush, Jeromus Jollykins! For your life, couple not her name with epithets; heap them upon me, if you will; perhaps I deserve them; but for her—her so noble, so self-sacrificing, she must be held, even by you, and forever, above the slightest breath of scandal.'

Incredulous Jeromus Jollykins! nothing but another contemptuous 'Bah!' and a wave of the hand: 'Away! I do n't believe a word of it.' This pantomimically expressed.

'Listen,' said the old man, still standing mildly but resolutely before him. 'Listen! In a few days I leave this country, perhaps never to return. She goes with me.'

Jeromus started! The hand which imperiously pointed to the door was suddenly and involuntarily drawn in.

'I could not go, my conscience would n't let me, without seeing you; without in some small measure, doing justice to *her*. You once loved her, Jeromus Jollykins.' The old man said this appealingly.

'I did, I did!' said the unhappy Jollykins, as the memory, like a soft dream, passed before him. But immediately remembering himself, he added, in his old manner: 'But what of that? How can it interest you or her? Enough, I have now forgotten her, (O Jeromus!) I have plucked her image, like a rank weed, from my heart.'

You see I have,' and Jeromus laughed a melancholy laugh. 'I have learned a lesson ; I am better and wiser for it. I am now happy and contented. Do I not look happy and contented?' (another melancholy laugh.) 'Say what you like, I *am* happy and contented ; very much so, I assure you ;' and by way of verifying his assertion, Jeromus covered his face with his hands, and dropped into a chair, sobbing like a child.

There was a tremor in Mr. Blanding's voice, as he continued : 'She loved you too, Jeromus.'

'Oh ! nonsense ; go away and leave me.'

'She loves you still.'

'What extravaganza is this you are acting, old man,' cried Mr. Jollykins impetuously, as he jumped once more from his chair. Am I a child or a fool ? I am neither, Mr. Blanding. If I loved your daughter, that was my business ; if she refused me, that was hers. Yes, Sir, she refused me ; refused me with the tears of a crocodile. Why prate to me of love ; of *her* love ; humph ! I have had enough of it ; now go : good night, Sir.'

'You must hear me, Jeromus. I will not, dare not go with my mission unfulfilled. Know, then, *I* forbade her to marry you. It was wrong, I know *now* it was. She is my child, and she obeyed me ; she would not have dared to disobey me.'

Jeromus looked up in amazement. He could not doubt the truth of the old man's earnest, serious face.

'This astonishes you ; no wonder. Listen farther ! You thought me well to do — a flourishing manufacturer ; the world thought me the same. I was in truth a beggar ; ay, worse than a beggar, for I was involved, and had not the means to meet my just liabilities. I knew your attachment to my child ; knew also that she reciprocated that attachment. Shame and pride withheld me speaking the honest, open truth ; and I would not have you marry a beggar's daughter. Now you know all. Do not think unkindly of her or me, Jeromus. God bless you, and — farewell.'

The old man turned to leave. Tears were in his eyes ; those of Jeromus were not dry.

'Stay, stay !' said Jeromus. 'Did you not say that — that your daughter still loves me ?'

'Let that pass. After this humiliating avowal I would not have you —'

'Pooh !' and so saying Jeromus turned a very unhermit-like pirouette upon the floor, which he followed up by slapping his hands, his forehead, his thighs, in rapid succession. Having accomplished this much, he suddenly opened a closet, and, pointing to a strong box which reposed in the bottom of it, exclaimed : 'Look at that, Mr.

Blanding; pretty good size, is n't it? try and lift it. You can't? Ha, ha! and why? It's full of golden eagles; every one of them honestly and fairly earned. Go abroad, get her but on board the boat to go with you, and, as I am a living man, to-night sees that box and me lying snugly at the bottom of the Hudson River. Why *should* you go abroad; why not stay where you are? It's a much better country than any other. Come, come, recal your determination; if not for your own sake, at least for your daughter's — and for mine.'

The old man said nothing; but took the hand so warmly proffered, and shook it silently.

In the same store, newly painted and decorated, and with a sign above it resplendent in gold leaf, Jeromus Jollykins at the present day may be seen dealing out the fragrant weed to innumerable customers. He is celebrated for three things: selling the best segars, possessing the handsomest wife and child, and being himself the best-looking man in the Empire City. To accomplish the latter, he has deemed it advisable to dispense with the beard which distinguished him as 'The Hermit of New-York.'

DON PASTEL.

D E C E M B E R .

GOLDEN-HAIRED Autumn
Has fled at thy coming,
Skies blush with kisses
The sun gives no more;
The song of the robin,
The wood-pecker's drumming,
Come faintly and low
From the warm southern shore.
The call of the sea-bird,
The gull and the swallow;
The voice of the bittern,
The cry of the mew,
Are echoing harshly,
So dreary and hollow,
From vale and the woodland,
And sea-meadow too.
The dank ocean rocks
With its limitless roar,
The spray flings aloof
With its dark misty foam:

Newburgh-on-the-Hudson.

And through the thick fog
That lies skirting the shore,
The curlew shrieks forth
Its wild wearisome tone.
The flight of the eagle
Is low, and his young
Are seized by the wolf
In his ravenous prowl.
The voice of the day is still,
Hushed is their song;
And the voice of the night
Is the screech of the owl.
Blithe-crested Autumn
Has fled at thy coming,
Skies blush with kisses
The sun gives no more.
Dank and desponding
The dark days are coming:
The days of the dying,
The tomb of the year.

JUNIUS B. ORMON.

YEA OR NAY?

'Dost thou love me, my beloved one?

Tell me plainly, yea or nay?'

This sweet bewildering question,

Whispered to me yesterday,

Thrills my heart at every beat,

While its low words I repeat,

Yea or nay?

Ah! this love which seems so precious,

Hath it bent me to its sway?

Is its chain fast bound around me?

Tell me, heart of mine, I pray?

In thy depths all secrets lie,

When he comes, shall I reply,

Yea or nay?

Looking deep, if I discover

One sole image pictured there,

Mingling with all thoughts and feelings,

Banished not in hours of prayer;

Gazing ever with mute eyes,

Shall I say in my surprise,

Yea or nay?

If amid a hundred plaudits,

One low voice alone I hear;

If beneath the crowd's cold censure,

Only blame from him I fear;

If I live on one fond look,

And one frown I could not brook —

Yea or nay?

If in dreaming of the future,

This dear boon alone I crave:

To console him in all sorrow,

And from sin's cold blight to save;

In his eyes all joy to read,

In his love to feel no need —

Yea or nay?

List! the latch is lifted softly;

And that step upon the grass,

Is it his? Ah! yes, I know it

'Mid a thousand as they pass;

Thrilling, trembling, foolish heart,

Dost thou feel we *cannot* part —

Yea or nay?

DOWN AMONGST THE VAULTS OF ST. DENIS.

BY JAMES W. WALL.

No tourist should forget to visit, while in Paris, that memorable church outside the walls, the Church of St. Denis. It was in the vaults of this church that the royalty of France found a resting-place until their bones were disturbed by the ruthless vandalism of the Revolution, and their lead coffins run into bullet-moulds to make missiles to hurl against the enemies of the Republic. It is here that Louis Napoleon intends some day to bring the remains of his great uncle, from its resting-place beneath the dome of the Invalides; and here he expects to lie down himself,

Life's fever o'er,

by the side of the founder of the Napoleonic dynasty.

Paris has nothing to display that can compare with the adornments of this small but marvellous temple. It is located some six miles out of Paris, and was founded by Pepin, but finished and consecrated by his more illustrious son Charlemagne. There are, as it were, two churches here, one level with the ground, and one beneath it; the latter being as ancient as Dagobert and Charlemagne, the former having been raised over the first structure by Louis IX. The stained glass in the noble windows of this fine old church is certainly the finest in Europe. Its effulgence tinges the sunbeam with almost every imaginable variety of color, and fills the holy place with radiance. As the bright luminary that rules the day runs his course, the groined roof and clustered columns of the ancient pile glow in amber, violet, and ruby hues, followed by a rich combination of silver, crimson, and azure tints, the beaming lustre of which darts from aisle to nave, from nave to transept, glows around the altar; then like some mysterious halo from on high, resting within the choir, it

'Fills the air around with beauty.'

The fact of this stained glass being the work of modern times, hardly thirty years old, refutes the common assertion, that this beautiful art is comparatively lost. The skill, whose cunning fingers wrought these splendid adornments, might compass designs of any magnitude without falling far short of the point of excellence attained by the most renowned masters. Indeed it may well be questioned whether the annealing of glass in the age of Albert Durer was comparable to these

processes of modern chemistry, of which the modern glass-stainers have been enabled to avail themselves.

The oriflamme, or sacred banner of Clovis, is suspended from an eminence at the eastern extremity of the church, beyond the high altar. It is of a deep scarlet color, and tradition assigns the age of thirteen hundred and seventy years to this old silken remnant of monastic superstition and imposition. The monks of the old Abbey Church were in the habit of assuring the people that this banner was brought to the abbey by an angel, about the period of the conversion of Clovis to Christianity. It was called oriflamme, or auriflamme, from the representation of flames worked in golden threads upon the silk.

The upper chapels in this church are shrines, profusely adorned with all the embellishments of art, and glittering with wealth and magnificence. But beneath their stone pavements were once the tombs of three dynasties of kings; there

‘A thousand years of silenced faction slept.’

These chapel vaults were once well styled ‘the chronicles of France and Europe, stone and marble editions of the histories of French kings and queens, counsellors, warriors, heroes, and philosophers.’ These tombs have now been in a measure restored, and one cannot make the circuit of these subterranean recesses, without stumbling over prostrate royalty; or on some marble form whose prototype, in the days of chivalry and the crusades, waged battle fierce with the mailed knights, encountered the scimeter of the Saracen, or charged the English bowmen at Cressy, Poitiers, or Agincourt. The sculpture of some of these cenotaphs is exquisite, and the recumbent statues most beautiful. In one of the recesses is a statue of Marie Antoinette, in a kneeling posture, considered a most perfect likeness of that most beautiful princess. Brazen doors open into the royal vault, where now rest the remains of the last of the Bourbons who swayed the sceptre. There is ample daylight in these crypts beneath St. Denis. And before the vandalism of the Revolution had scattered the royal bones, it would have been just the spot where one might have told

‘SAD stories of the death of kings,
How some had been deposed, some slain in war;
Some haunted by the ghosts they have dethroned,
Some poisoned by their wives, some sleeping killed.’

It was in the year 1793, in the midst of that upheaving of the political elements in France, when her frontiers were surrounded by fierce, implacable foes, that the decree went forth to exhume the contents of the royal vaults at St. Denis.

It was the body of the great Turenne, and not an embalmed Bourbon that the despoilers first reached. There he lay, with his martial cloak about him, just as when they left him to sleep his long sleep beneath the sounding pavements of the old Cathedral. It was the despised carcasses of kings these despoilers were in search of; and there was still some little respect left in the breasts of these monsters for valor, so they left him in his coffin, which they placed in the sacristy, where he was exhibited for months at a penny a head. Talk of the dust of Cæsar dead

— ‘AND turned to clay
That stops a hole to keep the wind away:’

was there ever such profanation as this? They afterward carried him to the Garden of Plants, where he was exhibited for nothing; and when the popular insanity had passed, they brought him back to the place where he was first interred, and erected over him a magnificent monument.

A vigorous effort with the pick soon tore through the cyclopean walls of a tomb adjoining, and there, in royal state, with features well preserved, was lying the founder of that long line of Louises, the far-famed Henry of Navarre, the last of whom had just poured out his life-blood upon the scaffold. This was the gallant King, behind whose snow-white crest at Ivry

A thousand spears were striking deep:’

and in the calm sleep of death, he looked ‘so defiant,’ the workmen said, as defiant as when he went forth against the hireling chivalry of Guelders and Almayne. But little cared these ruffians for the majesty that looked forth even from the coffin of the dead King. One ruffian, more sacrilegious than the rest, clipped off a portion of the long moustache that still shaded the firm-pressed lips, and was soon sporting it on his own, as if in mockery.

Then they commenced rifling the vault where the remains of those of the ill-fated House of Stuart, who died on French soil, reposed; and near them they found the coffin, and tore from it the half-decayed body of that monster, Philip of Orleans, father of Egalité, with which they sported by throwing it at each other’s heads, until it was all in fragments.

And now they come upon a corpse in a remarkable state of preservation, the body of that mad King for whose recreation cards were invented, Charles the Sixth. This was the same king who held his bacchanal revels in honor of his elevation to the throne, so close to the vaults of the royal dead, that the merry feet of the dancers beat time to the music upon the sacred floor of the Abbey Church itself; and as the old chronicler says, at night ‘it was a true pervigilium

veneris, a wake of Venus, where many a damsel forgot herself and many a husband suffered.' It certainly was a mad revel, and could some of the devout abbots or pious kings have been aroused from the depths of those sepulchral vaults by the uproar of this festival, they would have been dazzled certainly, but at the same time, most cruelly surprised. Piously they would have crossed themselves from head to foot, and got back to their places of repose long before the crowing of the cock. It must have been a curious sight. Precious veils, which only would have been taken out of the treasury of the Cathedral to adorn our Lady's brows on the Day of the Assumption, fluttered around on pretty worldly heads. As the old chronicler hath it: 'It looked as if God, the Virgin, and the saints had been laid under contribution for the festival; but the Devil had contributed most.' Rational beings did not hesitate to disguise themselves in satanic bestial shapes. Women wore horns on their heads, and men on their feet. The superstition of the times very naturally attributed the insanity of this king to his profanation of the holy place. But that sad story of his endless and his varied debaucheries is enough to account for the derangement of his brain. And now, after centuries of darkness and silence, he lies exposed to the rude gaze of an age as mad as he was; and whose mad-men were holding a different kind of revel from that with which he desecrated this sacred pile. As they gazed on the quiet face, whose features the art of the embalmer had so well preserved, one of the workmen declared he opened one eye and winked at him, which was the signal to tear it from its last resting-place and hurl it among the tier of ghastly relics that were in piles around them.

Next was the monument of Charles the Fifth, the father of the preceding, who died in thirteen hundred and eighty; and with his body was found that of his wife Joan of Bourbon, and his daughter Isabella. In the coffin of the King was a silver-frosted crown, a hand of justice, and a silver-frosted sceptre. In the coffin of the Queen there were the remnants of a crown, a ring of gold, and the fragments of a spindle.

At the dead of night, and by the light of torches, the sacrilegious searchers stumbled on the sealed stone vault which for centuries had sheltered from vulgar gaze the founder of the church, the Solomon of the Franks, the mighty Dagobert. It was a wonder that, as in the German legend concerning Charlemagne, the corpse of the buried King had not started from his confined sleep and rebuked these sacrilegious wretches by the living majesty of his presence. But he seems to have brooked the intrusion, and they made no longer pause over what remained of the body of the church's founder than such as was required to make the heap by them still higher with its addition. It

was near the vault of Dagobert they stumbled upon a leaden coffin of gigantic proportions, which they found to contain the body of Francis the First, still in a condition to make identification easy. The beard was still luxuriant and long, and a fresh tint about the cheeks, whether from artificial coloring or not, could not be told.

And so the search went on, night and day, until every bone, and every heap of dust that had been bone, and every embalmed body had been disturbed. Then gathering them in heaps, they wheeled them to a common ditch and mingled them in one undistinguishable mass. What a commentary upon the glory of this world, what a fearful and impressive lesson upon the vanity of pomp and power!

S I L V E R L A K E .

HAIL beauteous lake! Thy silver waters flowing
 With graceful swiftness o'er thy pebbly bed,
 Softly reflect the sun-set's cloudlets glowing,
 As they their radiant, transient beauties shed:
 Here, when the evening's fitful shadows lengthen,
 Forming themselves in shapes grotesque and tall;
 When dreams of youth our fading memories strengthen,
 And twilight dews from heaven's blue chalice fall,
 Fond lovers come, with tender melancholy,
 Charming the hours with lovers' gentle speech,
 While trembling stars encourage the sweet folly,
 And by Love prompted do Love's lessons teach.
 And here, when Autumn leaves had strewn the forest,
 And Autumn winds a mournful cadence breathed,
 As though 't were moanings of a heart where sorest
 Grief doth dwell, which prayer hath not relieved,
 But bids the fainting soul still trust in HEAVEN,
 Came two whose future paths were separate:
 They loved, and while they knew themselves forgiven,
 Their young hearts felt the bitterness of fate.
 She gazed upon him with despairing sadness;
 He drank in heaven from her glorious eyes,
 Then clasped her to his breast: O Love! O madness!
 The last long kiss — the last of passion's sighs —
 Then parted they: she in her youth and beauty,
 To cross with timid heart Life's treacherous main;
 He to the stern discharge of manly duty,
 To win and wear the laurel wreath of Fame.
 But thou, fair lakelet, as time groweth shorter,
 Shall linger here in all thy native pride;
 And may the murmurings of thy crystal water
 Bring joy to those who watch thy silvery tide.

CONFIDENCES OF AN UNHAPPY WIFE.

EVERY house has its skeleton. Yes, even brown-stone houses have theirs.

I am a lady. Not a mere female specimen of the human animal. (The 'lady' who 'wished a situation as cook in a family of the first respectability,' availed herself of this general classification, but I have no need.) I serve not for wages, but perform the most arduous toil in the harness of Fashion, without reward here or hereafter. I was born and bred, in what is called 'society;' married 'a catch;' live in a 'brown-stone,' in a fashionable district; do not take boarders to defray expenses, and pass them off for troublesome visitors. I keep a carriage; ride regularly to Central Park; have six bonnets a year; attend the opera; give matinées; spend thousands a year in dress. I never think for myself; do exactly as others do; am never so heretical as to resist any conventional dogma of 'my set;' am cold, quiet, self-contained to appearance; never laugh at a play; show no interest in any thing; in short, observe religiously all the requirements of society — and am doubtless envied by many. But alas! beneath all this show and glitter, I am far from a happy woman.

I'll tell you *what I wish was a secret*. I am a coward at heart; afraid of one-half of my visitors, and ashamed of the other; for I am so morbidly sensitive, that I feel the faults or foibles of the latter as though they were my own.

The loud bustling class, (of which Mrs. C. Manfred White is a leader,) have found me out, and crush my spirit in a thousand nameless ways. Only yesterday I mentioned to her that I intended changing my reception-day to Thursday. 'Thursday!' she repeated with a look and tone which frightened the idea quite out of my head, and I immediately added: 'Tuesday, I should say, did I say Thursday?' Though what objection she has to Thursday, I cannot possibly divine. Even my little brother, a fast boy of seven; has detected my weakness. He was here the other day during a visit of Mrs. White, and she had no sooner turned her back than he exclaimed: 'Amy, why do you let that woman bully you so? I'd spile her eyes for her, you bet!' squaring himself after pictures of Heenan.

As horrifying as was this speech, I was more mortified that my secret should be so little within my own keeping.

From my servants I experienced untold tyranny, particularly from my French maid. The manner of my coming under this galling yoke is vividly before me now. I shall never forget the unhappy day. I had advertised for a French maid, fondly hoping that a foreigner

would not be so quick to find me out. Delusive dream! No sooner did those cold gray eyes fall upon me than they read my secret, as though it had been printed on a circus-bill. Those wonderful eyes! they are situated, as it were, on the corners of a broad, flat head, so remote from each other, as to give them the appearance of being separate and distinct institutions. These, above a thin hooked-nose, and small, puckered mouth, deeply fringed with dark hair, gave her face the shape and expression of a hornet's. Though her presence rendered me so uncomfortable, I had n't the courage to dismiss her at once; and very soon she looked about, condescended to approve my household appointments, my having no children, patronizingly informing me that she had no fault to find with me; the situation suited her, and she would stay. My heart was at zero. Before me I beheld my destiny, an invincible necessity looming like the Juggernaut above my prostrate form. I a mere cipher beneath her towering grandness.

Under her jurisdiction, my wardrobe underwent a thorough reform. I had just completed what had appeared to me a handsome winter outfit, but a look from her would bring a cherished dress into disrepute; a shrug banish it from my wardrobe. I presumed not to offer it to her acceptance, though she usually condescended to appropriate it without that formality. Mauricee had been the name of this fastidious person originally, but she had changed it to Eugenie, in compliment to the French Empress, assuming a corresponding imperial air with the name. But though her oppression is continuous, and refined into a point of ingenuity difficult to conceive or describe; though the future, a vast, dimly-defined, misty annoyance, now visibly took shape of a woman's crinoline—a crinoline floating in folds of flowing grace, as only a French woman's can—and above it glares those cold gray eyes, eating into my very soul—*this is not the skeleton in my closet*. Let me draw the veil, and confront it face to face. *It is this: I cannot love my husband*. Knowing myself to be the poor, timid thing, afraid of every body, what is my dismay to find my husband afraid of me! Though a marriage be convenience, I could love him dearly but for this. He has every other claim upon my respect; is kindness itself to me; but by inverse geometrical progression, how insignificant must be the nature that can be afraid of so poor a spirit as mine!

I was but little acquainted with him at the time of our marriage, (he not being a society man, or not exactly in my set,) and attributed his almost obsequious deference to a want of familiarity with the sex. But very soon the truth began to dawn upon me. In vain I said to myself: 'Men have no discrimination with regard to women; perhaps he has not found me out; thinks me cold, proud, reserved, and therefore a person to be revered and conciliated.' This argument

failed to convince. He is counted a man of sagacity and sense; he cannot be more deficient in perception than a boy of seven. Alas! he must be a greater coward than I!

No sooner did this painful conviction fasten itself upon my mind, than by imperceptible degrees I found myself domineering over him. This, though it gratified my spleen, is far from satisfying my craving heart. How unceasingly it stretches forth its timid tendrils in pursuit of some staunch substance around which to cling!

At times I am almost melted by some acts of delicate kindness, or the exhibition of some noble trait; but before I can cast myself into his arms, and crave forgiveness for my own unworthiness, the grim skeleton rises before me, clutching all my warm impulses in his icy hand.

The pleasures of society pall upon me, though I am but twenty, and was emancipated from a boarding-school to be married but three years ago. The charms of friendship fail to satisfy, (for I have a few friends that I love, and am in turn liked by a few kindly, indiscriminating souls.)

My husband does not annoy me unnecessarily with his presence, being engaged all day in business, and spending his evenings chiefly at the club; but, though I do not love him, I am jealous of his attentions, unreasonable woman that I am!

This evening I experienced another of those involuntary gushes of affection, which threatened for a moment to sweep my skeleton away. How it was checked I will proceed to show: We sat in our fragrant conservatory, with two guests, young men of *ton* and unexceptionable breeding, the stamp which I had been educated to believe the true standard of mankind. While in the parlor, before dinner, I had drawn unfavorable comparisons between these two elegant votaries of fashion, with their easy manner and stylish attire, and my old-fashioned, awkward consort. My husband was usually taciturn. But now conversation happened to take an animated turn; the subject was one which it required mind to treat. Reuben (what a name! I've refrained from writing it before. Reuben Benshaw!) arose in his animation, and, as his eye kindled with intelligence, words forcible and flowing bore down the flimsy arguments of the opposition; and a native grace invested his face and form, above that which mere fashion imparts. I withdrew to the extreme of the conservatory, the better to enjoy my reflections. I marked the sweep of thought athwart those manly features; the majesty of the expanded brow, despite the disordered locks that fell about it. I saw his antagonists quail before the quick, decisive thrusts they could not parry. I saw them dwindle in the ratio that he arose above them, and I—I admired. Yes, I was recreant enough to my education for a moment to place

mind above manners; to believe that a man must be made by zeal, and not by his tailor.

As though suddenly ashamed of having wasted so much sense upon such an unworthy audience, Reuben broke off in the height of triumph, and seizing his hat, excused himself to his guests and withdrew. I glided out at another door, and met him in the hall. As I did so, my new emotions filled me with such embarrassment that I paused before him in awkward silence, only laying my hand upon his hat. He appeared astonished, and searched my blushing face as he asked eagerly: 'What is it, Amy? Do you wish me to stay? Say, dear, do you? Do you? I will stay if you wish it; I had some business, but no matter.'

His ready compliance was so much of a piece with his usual custom, that we seemed immediately reinstated in our former relations, and I turned coldly away.

'Perhaps it's money you want,' were the words that next 'stabbed my ear.'

I cast a disdainful look upon him, and rejoined my guests with a heavy weight at heart. Reuben did not go out. He was plainly *afraid* to disobey even this half-developed wish of mine.

The guests left early: Reuben, after once more vainly trying to draw me into an expression of my wishes, relapsed into a book, while I fly to give vent to my pent-up grief to this sympathizing sheet. It has saved me at least from a crying-fit, and I may now creep quietly to bed, and to sleep, since the Empress has gone to grace a ball, and Reuben's light is out long ago. I am worn-out with this contest. How wan and pale I look! He sees it, and yet divines not the cause. Oh! for a mother, upon whose breast I could pour out my grief and tears, and by whom I could be guided in this difficult struggle: yet, what do I say? Even a mother should not intrude her sacred presence between husband and wife:

'I TREAD the wine-press *alone*;
Help me, O God! to the right path.'

To-morrow we go to a New-England village to visit my only relative, (except little James, who is at school there.) Cousin Mehetabel is a plain country woman, whom I have not seen since my early childhood. I liked her then, though all the school-girls laughed at the queer figure she made when she came to see me at Madame A ——'s school.

I *must* have change, rest, to prepare me for the pleasures (?) of this summer at Newport and Saratoga.

Three days' residence with Cousin Mehetabel has wrought a greater

change than my most sanguine hopes could have pictured. But I must not anticipate.

We found the house plain, comfortless, but perfectly neat. The hearty welcome we received, and the picturesque locality, fully compensated me for the discomfort.

But Reuben has no eye for nature, though he sought to cover his dissatisfaction as well as he could, only yawning when he thought no one was looking, and placing his monosyllables in proper order in responding to Cousin Mehetabel's torrent of questions. Between these attacks, he devoted himself vigorously to extorting comfort from a painted deal chair, a feat as problematical as the discovery of perpetual motion.

As for Eugenie, she brought first one eye, then the other, to bear upon the general discomfort, the result of which scientific observation was legibly written upon her curling lip and distended nostril. All day she went about shrugging and mon-dieuing in a manner calculated to excite the deepest compassion for her privations and sufferings.

Early the next morning, I was tempted from my couch by the double inducement of a walk in the forest, and an escape from Eugenie, whose arrogance had been re-doubled since the discovery of my plain kinswoman.

My steps were arrested in the hall by the following scene.

Eugenie elegantly attired, stood, arms a-kimbo, in what she conceived to be a majestic attitude, issuing the following mandate to the mistress of the house: 'Madame will have a cup af cafe-o'-lait in ze bed. Serve *dis minit*, and let him be hot.'

'Caffy o' what?' exclaimed my simple cousin, putting on her spectacles, as though to assist her understanding.

'Cafe-o'-lait: an' ausso I desire to have no noise in dis place. It ees not enough zat Madame have to *enn*dure all zis discomfort — zeese bare floor, zeese hor-r-r-reeble furnature, zis, zis — Mon DIEU! — zis place you call a house, and is no house. BOTE YOU MUST RING A BELL!' (her extended hands trembling with nervous energy at this grand climax.)

My cousin, who had taken off her spectacles, and wiped them twice during this outburst, had resumed them again, and was now favoring Mlle. Eugenie with the same kind of scrutiny she would have bestowed upon a curious fossil. Finally she exclaimed in a strong Yankee twang: 'Dew tell! Now, I want to know! *Rale curus!* Peöwerful! Heöw?'

Outraged beyond endurance by this scene, I forgot my timidity, and stepped forward with these words to Eugenie: 'How can you

insult a lady in that manner? Make an apology to Miss Sterns, or you shall leave my service this hour.

My energy startled her as much as it did myself, and immediately changing into a bland, suave manner, she said in her worst English: 'Certainlee, Madame, if you *desire*; but I know not how I have offend. I know not to speakee English, and zis leddie he know not my languish, and zat is all zee fault, I believe. *N' est pas?*'

No one could have resisted that condescending manner, so this speech passed for an apology with my simple cousin, who only reiterated, 'Well, I want to know!' as though she had not yet finished her examination of the fossil. After which she added: 'You can go in the kitchen and make that Frenchified thing you were talking about, for Mrs. Benshaw's breakfast: I an't accustomed to waitin' on help.'

I hurried on, fearing another scene. When I returned from my walk, I found to my terror that Engenie's excitement had by no means abated, for she was 'sawing the air' of my dressing-room with her sinewy hands, and I caught these words in French, as I moved away on tip-toe:

'To think I should come to this! To receive a command from a person of no ton, in a vile calico dress — ill-made — no fit — in a horrible place where the people know not how to make coffee!'

After breakfast, I gave her my best dress, in order to appease her. This rendered her tolerable for a day or two.

In this rich light silk, with befitting ribbons and laces, she would sail before the evening breeze like a gay pleasure-yacht, with the laudable intent, doubtless, of putting the villagers in a good-humor with themselves, by gracious nods and smiles, such as might be expected from an empress in a triumphal tour.

As we came from our drive this afternoon, we overtook her returning from a cruise, under flying colors. She even deigned to give me a sweeping nod of recognition, as I passed in my plain travelling-dress.

Returning home, I was surprised to find the only comfortable piece of furniture in my dressing-room, to wit, a bureau, had been removed; but knowing that my cousin expected another guest in the morning, and had a natural desire to appear smart before a stranger, thought no more about it.

Not so my maid, who entered as I quitted the room. Observing the deficiency, she gave vent to a few muttered exclamations, then gave a fierce, determined jerk of the bell-wire, (not heeding my feeble remonstrances from the next room.) The spirit this act exorcised is worthy a full-length drawing.

Behold a broad Celtic face, with all its concomitants — red hair,

freckles, upward nose, wild, scared expression, as though not yet recovered from the astonishment of being caught, duly begrimed with dirt and smut, tattered dress in same condition, giving glimpses of bare lower limbs of questionable complexion; sleeves short, revealing a pair of arms that would have rendered her renowned in a prize-ring, (though now innocently enough brandishing the insignia of office, a broom and duster,) and Biddy stands before you.

She winced a little under the heavy scowl of the great rival of Rachel, as she pointed tragically to the spot recently occupied by the bureau; but silence was not Biddy's forte, so in her broadest brogue she asked: 'And did yer ring? And what do yer be afther looking that way about?'

'Vare iss de booro?' waved the magnificent Queen of Tragedy.

'Shure, and is that all? When I only borrowed yer burer a bit, and it's nothing to be making a row about, at all, at all; and have n't yer hed it for three days and up'ards, and a posy of a burer it is, be shure; and a leddy is coming to-morrow, and I thought your leddy would n't mind, and I made bould to borry it a bit, so I laid yer things in a tidy pile in the corner.' (The punctuation is my own, for there was not a break in her voice.)

'Hog without shame — incor-r-r-igible creature — bring back ze booro!' cried Eugenie.

'Be asy, be asy; and if it's afther calling names ye are, I can bate ye at that, or any other furreign baste like yer; and I'd as soon punch yer 'ed as to look at yer, yer ugly spalpeen!'

'Bring back ze booro!' repeated Eugenie with increased vehemence. 'It is not enough that Madame have to eat your bread with zat poison what you call Sally-ractrus. It is not enough zat you set ze pies before her; zat you boil your meat to de rag, and hash it to de next day; zat she have to drink your slop for coffee; zat she have to her dinner no pâté, no ragout, no fricasee; *bote you must borrow ze booro!*'

She greatly affected this climacteric style; but long ere it had reached the culmination, Biddy's tongue was relieving itself of a torrent of abuse, so loud and strong, that I felt called upon to quell the riot. Eugenie went in quest of my cousin, whom, I was happy to know, was absent from home; but Biddy stood her ground, and turned upon me:

'Shure, and yer leddyship must think me rude, and I'll just tell yer how it was, yer honor.'

'Never mind, Biddy: I do n't care to hear.'

'Of course not, yer leddyship! Yer would n't be afther making a bloody bother about a thrifle of a burer, or want to hear about it, at

all, all. Of course yer would n't sile yer ears listening to such a bloody thrifle. But it was just this way ——'

'But I do n't care to hear, Biddy.'

'Oh! shure not. Be-like, and have n't I just said it myself? Faith, and one could n't expect a leddy to listen to such thrash, and I would n't be afther siling my tongue spakin' af it; but I'll just tell yer how it was.'

'I have heard enough ——'

'I know it, yer honor. What beautiful leddy like yourself, with sich splendid eyes, and sich a posy of a nose, would be afther caring about a dirty row? But this is just how it was ——'

Seeking to escape this inevitable volley of unadulterated brogue, I moved into the next room, but Biddy followed, and I sank into a chair, resigning myself to my doom.

'It was just this, my leddy; and it's a wonder, be shure, that yer should have such an ugly crathur waiting upon yer; and it's like the divil she is, with her ugly eyes stuck on the corners of her head, like a spither or some sich brute. Sez I to myself, sez I, it's very hard that a leddy should have such a smitherin divil to wait on her, as do n't know banes when the bag's open, when she could get Biddy for the askin'; and this is how it was about the burer: I just made bould to borry it a bit; and, and the people here are askin' me constant what yer pay yer help, and they kape askin' and askin', till they bother the life out o' me; and if they should ask me again, what shall I say, yer honor?'

'Tell them you do n't know.'

'Shure, and I will, this minit; and it's a shame to be throublin yer about it, and it's wrong in the people to give me no peace of me life, askin'. Shure, it's none of ther business; but yer would n't mind tellin' Biddy, in confidence, M'um? Faith, I'll kape it all to mesilf, and I tell yer a sacret, M'um, close in yer ear: I'll serve yer as well again for the same money, and the clathers thrown in, as dazzles the eyes of me; and I'd niver lave yer so long as I live — niver, niver; and ye may always count on Biddy O'Raffity, the poor orphan Biddy. Me father he died before I was born, and me mother she died the same day. Och hone! a sad day it was for poor Biddy. I cried till my eyes were as big as perathes. But I'll jist be afther telling yer about the burer,' (returning to her text at every gesture of impatience upon my part,) 'and this is jist how it was. As I was sayin', sez I, I'll serve yer as well again for the money, and I'll stick to me word, lavin' out the clothes; for a more splindid leddy I niver seen, and it's the Quane I've seen, time and over, a-walkin' around, and she can't hould a candle to yer leddyship, she can't. I'll take less, my leddy, seein' it's you, and sich a beau-

tiful leddy; and shill I pack up me things?—jist say the word; and did yez say yiss, me leddy? God's blissing on yer for that; and the poor orphan Biddy will niver dessert yer—niver, niver; and I'll pack up me duds, and be riddy in a twinklin.' Good luck to your leddyship——'

'No, no, no,' I gasped, probably expressing in looks a portion of the aversion I felt to this proposition, for her manner suddenly changed as she continued: 'It's a splindid offer I've made, and a bargain yer'd get in Biddy, shure; and yer need n't be afther lookin' that way about it at all, at all, afther raisin' the xpectations of a poor lone orphan as has neither father nor mother; and it was yiss yer said, afther all, and my ears only desaved me: shure, I'll go wid ye, yer honor, so I will; for I've nothin' agin yer, and yer suit me exactly.'

'No, no, Biddy: please go away: I cannot possibly employ you.'

'And why not, yer honor? Shure, I'll——'

'Because I do n't want you. Now leave me.'

'Be asy, be asy,' she continued, her eyes kindling with rage: 'and ye'r no leddy of yer word, to miss-lead a poor gurril in this way; and it's a month's wages ye owe me, ony way, for the time I've spent on yer, and now to be insultin' a poor gurril to her face, (waxing hotter every moment;) and no leddy would do it, and I'm not afeard o' the like o' yer, more than that ugly divil what waits on yer; and did n't I hear her this mornin' as good as tell yer to mind yer own business? and niver a word did yer answer, yer white-livered spalpeen; and I'm as good as yoursilf, yes, and better; you would n't catch Biddy takin' half from ony, that yer take from yer help, and not break her head wid a shillaly.'

But enough of this painful scene. Suffice it to say, I sat mute and pale from bodily fear, while this unbroken torrent of abuse continued to roll over me. It was very different from the moral dread with which my elegant Eugenie oppressed me; but it was nevertheless fear, and I trembled. What was my relief to see my husband's face at the window, scrutinizing me with a mingled expression of astonishment and pleasure. He had heard all that had passed, from the balcony, and now clearing the window at a bound, stood in the room. I ran to him for protection, for my tormentor stood between me and the door. She, however, disappeared upon his entrance, though he seemed wholly absorbed with me, to the exclusion of every thing else.

His manner was perfectly incomprehensible. Catching my trembling hands, he continued to search my downcast face, until I looked up from sheer curiosity.

'You tremble, Amy,' he said eagerly: 'you tremble—not from anger? No, no: you are too high above her to feel anger. What

can it be? Not fear? (incredulously.) Impossible! And yet — what have I heard? Is it true of Eugenie? Can any civilized person who knows the value of dignity offer you an indignity? You? you? as proud and cold as Juno! No, no: you would have withered her with a look. It is not true of Eugenie.'

'It is, it is,' I cried: 'I'm afraid of her, of myself, of every body. I am a poor, puerile creature: forgive and pity me.' I was far too happy at the sudden demolition of my skeleton to care for the contempt my confession must excite. As I buried my burning face in his dear bosom, (bestowing my first voluntary embrace,) I said to myself, amid the flutter of a new-born happiness: 'Yes, I can even bear his contempt, since I find him worthy of my love. I can lean upon him, and rejoice in his strength, though he repel and despise me.'

But he did not repel me: he pressed me tenderly, oh! so tenderly, to his heaving breast. I looked up, and a great joy illuminated his noble countenance; yet tears rolled down his cheeks. As though in a rapturous dream, I heard myself called by every low-breathed epithet in the nomenclature of love; warm kisses fell upon my uplifted face, as welcome as a summer shower to the parched earth. I asked not why he loved me: I cared not to clear the strange mystery, since my happiness was complete.

When he could speak, he said: 'So you are, after all, but a simple weak woman; and I may *love you*, and not adore at a distance, as we do the angels!' And I made answer: 'If it is weakness you love, my husband, you will indeed find enough to love in *me*.'

N O V E M B E R .

How desolate the moorland lies!
 The tall trees waving in the skies,
 Shorn of their leafy covering;
 While above, the gray gull hovering,
 Screaming forth dull notes of pain,
 Which dying out, in echo come again.
 The busy tramp of men is gone;
 The earth seems desolate and lone;
 The dull, deep roar of the appealing woods
 Tells all — into our hearts intrudes
 Its dull inanity: and frozen all,
 Locked up in Death's embrace, a pall
 Rests on the world: ice is a dreary thing.
 I pray to God the advent of the spring!

W. M. W.

A WINTER FIRE-SIDE SONG.

AIR : 'THE FINE OLD ENGLISH GENTLEMAN.'

HARK! to the fierce and driving storm, as it beats against the door,
Anew the fire-side circle form, old Winter 's here once more ;
Without he reigns supreme, and the proofs of his power rest
On the silent, ice-bound stream and the earth's snow-mantled breast.

CHORUS : For it 's with us, as in years ago,
The dreary winter-time.

The far-off muffled sound of the skater's steel rings out,
As they 're skirting the icy plain around with ever wavering shout ;
Now far, now near, the joyous song floats in the frosty air,
On the wings of the night gust, borne along o'er vales and hill-sides bare.
For it 's with us, as in years ago,
The dreary winter-time.

Yon forest trees so late in leaf, the buried summer's pride,
Bend sadly down to tell their grief to the sufferers at their side :
List to their plaintive moans, as in mockery robed in snow,
They 're tossing their shadowy, ghost-like arms in anguish to-and-fro :
For it 's with us, as in years ago,
The dreary winter-time.

Like warriors, over glade and glen, in stern, resistless might,
The vengeful winds, unseen of men, troop through the startled night :
With clang and clamor, they 're sweeping past on their wild and stormy way,
And distant sleepers their trumpet-blast shall rouse ere break of day.
For it 's with us, as in years ago,
The dreary winter-time.

But what care we for the chilling frost, and the dark and angry sky ;
What for the snow-drifts rudely tossed as the warrior winds ride by ;
What though dread Winter bind his chain on earth and stream and air,
Though his eager breath be on the pane, his step-creak on the stair :
Though it 's with us, as in years ago,
The dreary winter-time.

With shutter closed, t' exclude the night, and every mournful sound,
As of old we 'll sit, with faces bright, while the merry jest goes round :
Then pile the logs and draw up near, and let the flame rise higher,
For hearts seem light, and friends more dear, beside the winter fire.
For it 's with us, as in years ago,
This good old winter-time.

G. A. S.

L I T E R A R Y N O T I C E S .

HISTORY OF NEW-ENGLAND. By JOHN GORHAM PALFREY. Volume Second: pp. 640. Boston: LITTLE, BROWN AND COMPANY.

THE 'dignity of sober history' is well sustained in this carefully-prepared and very interesting work. The first volume, we regret to say, has not reached us: an omission which we hope our friends the publishers, to whom we have so frequently been indebted for valuable publications, of enduring interest, will presently supply. The present volume 'presents a vivid and comprehensive view of the primitive institutions and customs of New-England, including the subjects of law, government, ecclesiastical usage, education, forms of agricultural and commercial industry, and domestic habits:' and in this it vindicates the character, energy, virtues and religion of the old 'New-England Fathers.' It is well and truly remarked, by a contemporaneous critic, that throughout the work the author would seem to have aimed to do the 'Fathers full justice.' The present volume covers the memorable period between 1643 and 1665. Mr. PALFREY does not conceal the failings of the Puritans, nor keep in the back-ground the severity of a part of their legislation: but he brings into view at the same time the advanced position which they occupied, when contrasted with other peoples and legislators of their own age. The difficulties of their position, as well as their virtues, are fully appreciated; and the author, with the calm tone and unprejudiced candor of an impartial historian, faithfully narrates the story of their endurance, their struggles, and their achievements. The interest of the narrative increases as the volume advances. The real condition of the people, with their aims and efforts, successes and disappointments; the relations of the several colonies to one another, to the mother country, and to the Indian tribes; and the various difficulties which had to be overcome, are brought forward in a distinct and lucid manner; and the reader feels that he has been in possession of the material facts upon which to form a judgment. 'Too high praise,' says a religious journal, of quite a different denominational faith from that of the author, 'can scarcely be awarded to the patient sagacity with which the facts have been presented, and the original authorities investigated. Subsequent historians will find little left to glean in the field over which Mr. PALFREY has passed. It remains but to speak of the external execution of the work. Its typography is faultless. Large, clear types, impressed upon paper, fine, firm and white, and binding 'puritanical' in its plainness and substantialness, are its outward characteristics.

THE WORKS OF CHARLES LAMB. In Four Volumes. A New Edition: pp. 1761. Boston: CROSSBY, NICHOLS, LEE AND COMPANY: Number 117 Washington-street.

READER: did it ever occur seriously to you how very much we are indebted to the LIBERAL PUBLISHERS of our day and generation? Did it never strike you, that next to an approved and popular author, *they* are the literary benefactors of our time? It is even so. Take the publishers above named: take TOWNSEND AND COMPANY, of New-York, with COOPER's immortal works: take the genial PUTNAM, with IRVING's never-dying, never-to-die soul-full writings: take TICKNOR and warm-hearted FIELDS ('and pastures new' all the time)—take these, and others 'in the trade,' their compatriots and compeers, and think for a single moment how much we are indebted to *them*, as well as to the author, whom they adorn and embellish, and make acceptable and grateful in the eyes of all men. The physiognomy of a book is like the physiognomy of a man. That first appeal which is to the eye, is the same in each: a secret which we rejoice to know that our most eminent publishers have found out, and which, moreover, we are even better pleased to learn, they are sure to 'profit' by.

Here, as an example, are four full, comprehensive volumes, exquisitely printed, upon good paper, firm in body and texture, and pure white in color, proceeding from the eminent publishing-house, 'hereinbefore-mentioned' at the head of this notice. Of CHARLES LAMB himself, and of his exquisite writings, what remains to be said? Nothing — positively nothing, which has not been said an hundred times before; and better said than *we* could say it, if we were to try a hundred times more. Only read these fervent words of poor departed 'OLLAPOD,' who loved CHARLES LAMB with an affection 'passing the love of women.' That they came from his heart of hearts we know: that they will reach the hearts of our readers, we have not the slightest doubt. Understand, please, that these thoughtful, well-considered, and musical sentences were penned twenty-five years ago, just after the death of LAMB in London: 'CHARLES LAMB is dead! Yes: the mild, the gentle LAMB, is gathered at last, pure as the innocent, simple object that syllables his name, into the fold of God. Perfect Creator of rich conceits, charming Architect of Periods, whose delicate aroma, like balm from Gilead, yet loiters around me — 'how shall I mourn thee?' Reader, I hope you knew him in that acquaintance which Authorship establishes between a writer and his admirers. What an essayist was he! How shrewd in observation; how discriminative of the burlesque; how quaint yet melodious in diction; in expression, how varied! Who ever rose from his pages, without brighter thoughts and softer feelings? If any one, let him distrust his heart, and acquire new perceptions: for in my sense, 't is better he should have no perceptions, than be in the possession of qualities which cannot enable him to discern the merits of LAMB: the contemplative graduate of 'CHRIST's at Oxford, who could fling the lustre of his serene and goodly mind over every object: who trailed the flowery vines of Poetry along the formal walks of Prose, until the scene brightened like a garden to the vision, and the air was redolent of celestial

odors! *When* will his place be filled again? What hand may renew the leaves of 'ELIA,' fresher and greener than those of Spring? What dainty finger will trace that fair character of life on fools-cap or on vellum more? Alas! dear reader, I fear me none. How fine a scholar too, was he: none of your plodding quoters of Greek and Latin, with sentences longer than the longest Alexandrines, and a style rougher than the waves by Charybdis: but clear as the sky of May, and smooth as the susurrations of a stream in Eden. O gentle LAMB! My heart could well indite, were my harp strung deftly for so sad a theme, a flood of mournful eulogy at thy departure. What could reconcile me to the truth that thou art indeed no more, save the sublime and most comfortable assurance, that what is loss to those who love thy memory, is but immortal gain to thee! LAMB excelled as a writer (although it was really not at all his profession) better than nine persons in ten, because he made the best source of the language his study and his enjoyment. He walked with the god-like spirits of old English Literature, like a compeer among his fellows: he sat him down beneath the royal and purple shadows of their mighty mantles, and ate of the manna which descended around. How numerous and how worthy were his intellectual companions! SHAKESPEARE was his bosom-friend: and with CHAUCER, SIDNEY, WARWICK, SPENCER, OVERBURY, BROWN, and WALTON, he 'strayed among the fields, hearing as it were the voice of God.'

What a 'peculiar way' CHARLES LAMB had of 'saying things!' The latest anecdote which we have heard of him, is the following: 'A gentleman, visiting the 'India House,' long after LAMB had become famous, and that is to say, long after his death, asked to be shown the room wherein he confined himself to the 'desk's dull wood' for so many long years, and any manuscript of his, however small, which he had left behind him. He was shown a volume of '*Interest Tables*,' consisting entirely of figures, on the fly-leaf of which LAMB had written the following

'OPINIONS OF THE PRESS.'

'THIS is a very *interesting* work.—*Literary Gazette*.

'THE interest *never flags* from beginning to end.'—*Quarterly Review*.

'IT is a work *full* of interest.'—*Athenæum*.

NOW who but LAMB would have thought of this? It is *exactly* like him. We make but a brief extract from the capacious volumes before us: passages from his correspondence with COLERIDGE, whom he perfectly idolized:

'A wish to dedicate his portion of the volume to his sister gave occasion to the following touching letter:

TO MR. COLERIDGE.

'Nov. 14th, 1796.

'COLERIDGE, I love you for dedicating your poetry to BOWLES: GENIUS of the sacred fountain of tears, it was he who led you gently by the hand through all this valley of weeping, showed you the dark green yew-trees, and the willow-shades, where, by the fall of waters, you might indulge an uncomplaining melancholy, a delicious regret for the past, or weave fine visions of that awful future,

'WHEN all the vanities of life's brief day
Oblivion's hurrying hand hath swept away,
And all its sorrows, at the awful blast
Of the archangel's trump, are but as shadows past.'

'I have another sort of dedication in my head for my few things, which I want to know if you approve of, and can insert. I mean to inscribe them to my sister. It will be unexpected, and it will give her pleasure; or do you think it will look whimsical at all? as I have not spoke to her about it, I can easily reject the idea. But there is a monotony in the affections, which people living together, or, as we do now, very frequently seeing each other, are apt to give in to; a sort of indifference in the expression of kindness for each other, which demands that we should sometimes call to our aid the trickery of surprise. Do you publish with LLOYD, or without him? in either case my little portion may come last, and after the fashion of orders to a country correspondent, I will give directions how I should like to have 'em done. The title-page to stand thus:

POEMS, BY CHARLES LAMB, OF THE INDIA HOUSE.

'UNDER this title the following motto, which, for want of room, I put over leaf, and desire you to insert whether you like it or no. May not a gentleman choose what arms, mottoes, or armorial bearings the herald will give him leave, without consulting his republican friend, who might advise none? May not a publican put up the sign of the Saracen's Head, even though his undiscerning neighbor should prefer, as more genteel, the Cat and Gridiron?

[MOTTO.]

'This beauty, in the blossom of my youth,
When my first fire knew no adulterate incense,
Nor I no way to flatter but my fondness,
In the best language my true tongue could tell me,
And all the broken sighs my sick heart lend me,
I sued and served. Long did I love this lady.'—MASSINGER.

The Dedication.

—
THE FEW FOLLOWING POEMS,
CREATURES OF THE FANCY AND THE FEELING
IN LIFE'S MORE VACANT HOURS,
PRODUCED, FOR THE MOST PART, BY
LOVE IN IDLENESS,
ARR,
WITH ALL A BROTHER'S FONDNESS,
INSCRIBED TO
MARY ANNE LAMB,
THE AUTHOR'S BEST FRIEND AND SISTER.

'This is the pomp and paraphernalia of parting, with which I take my leave of a passion which has reigned so royally (so long) within me; thus, with its trappings of laureateship, I fling it off, pleased and satisfied with myself that the weakness troubles me no longer. I am wedded, COLERIDGE, to the fortunes of my sister and my poor old father. O my friend! I think sometimes, could I recall the days that are past, which among them should I choose? not those 'merrier days,' not the 'pleasant days of hope,' not 'those wanderings with a fair-haired maid,' which I have so often and so feelingly regretted, but the days, COLERIDGE, of a mother's fondness for her school-boy. What would I give to call her back to earth for one day, on my knees to ask her pardon for all those little asperities of temper which, from time to time, have given her gentle spirit pain; and the day, my friend, I trust, will come; there will be 'time enough' for kind offices of love, if 'HEAVEN'S eternal year' be ours. Hereafter, her meek spirit shall not reproach me. O my friend! cultivate the filial feelings! and let no man think himself released from the kind 'charities' of relationship: these shall give him peace at the last; these are the best foundation for every species of benevolence. I rejoice to hear, by certain channels, that you, my friend, are reconciled with all your relations. 'Tis the most kindly and natural species of love, and we have all the associated train of early feelings to secure its strength and perpetuity. Send me an account of your health; indeed I am solicitous about you. God love you and yours.

C. LAMB.'

What a tender, lovable, and loving nature was that of gentle CHARLES LAMB!

THE LAKE REGIONS OF CENTRAL AFRICA: A PICTURE OF EXPLORATION. BY RICHARD F. BURTON, Captain H.M.T. Army, Fellow and Gold Medalist of the Royal Geographical Society. In one Volume: pp. 672. New-York: HARPER AND BROTHERS.

THIS interesting volume contains an account of the author's adventures, observations, and discoveries, in a journey from Zanzibar to the Great Lakes, in the eastern part of Central Africa. The journey was undertaken in June, 1857, and completed March, 1859; occupying a period of nearly two years. And few writers, who have chronicled their experiences and observations, have exhibited in a higher degree than Captain BURTON, the traits indispensable in a good traveller. A keen and careful observer, affluent in resources, indefatigable in overcoming obstacles, patient under severe trials, with a courage that no dangers could daunt, a power of endurance rarely equalled, and a spirit of enterprise unflagging and heroic, he combines a large experience, much learning, excellent scientific culture, and a most happy faculty at narrative and descriptive writing. The perils and hardships which he encountered were such as only a truly brave man could meet without quailing. The aspects of the country through which his route lay were often most forbidding — sometimes terrific. Yet he pursues his way with a calm courage and heroic endurance that are truly amazing. Passing from central K'hutu to the base of the Usagara Mountains, he crosses muddy beds 'knee-deep even in the dry season.' He plunges into jungles, where the European traveller realizes every preconceived idea of Africa's most hideous and grotesque aspect. The black greasy ground is in some places veiled with thick shrubbery, and in the more open spaces supports screens of tiger and spear-grass, twelve and thirteen feet high, with every blade a finger's-breadth; and such an odor of sulphureted hydrogen comes up from the earth, that the traveller might easily fancy a corpse to be hidden behind every bush. Add to this, a pale and sickly atmosphere, whose vapors seemed to concentrate the rays of the oppressive 'rain-sun;' and that no feature of miasma may be wanting to complete the picture, imagine filthy heaps of the rudest hovels, built in holes in the jungle, sheltering a few miserable inhabitants, whose frames are lean with intoxication, and whose limbs, distorted by ulcerous sores, attest the hostility of Nature to mankind. What a region this for a traveller familiar with the best scenery and the highest civilization of Europe!

Yet Captain BURTON seems surprised at nothing, vexed at nothing, discouraged at nothing; and nothing escapes his observation. He gives us with great fullness and precision the geography and ethnography of the regions he visited; describes their surface, soil, growth and products; beasts, birds, and reptiles; character and peculiarities of atmosphere and climate; the intellectual, moral, and physical condition of the people; their manners and customs; their arts and amusements; their industrial, social and domestic life. We have seldom found so much information crowded into a single volume, or presented in a more lively and attractive form. The style, though not always the most polished, is never wanting in clearness and vigor. Upon the whole, a most interesting and valuable narrative of adventures and discoveries, and one which cannot fail to win for its author an eminent rank among the distinguished travellers in Africa.

THE PRINCE'S BALL: A Satirical Poem. By EDMUND C. STEDMAN. In one Volume, with Illustrations. New-York: RUDD AND CARLTON.

THIS amusing poem, by the popular author of the 'Diamond Wedding,' was originally published in that excellent comic weekly, *Vanity Fair*, where it had an unexampled 'run.' The public demand for it, however, has been so great that MESSRS. RUDD AND CARLTON have issued it in a handsome little volume, on tinted paper, and embellished with many humorous illustrations by STEPHENS. It gives us a veracious account of the journeyings of His Royal Highness, the PRINCE OF WALES, across the 'briny wa'ther,' through the 'Kingdom of the Blue Noses,' and the dominions of 'Uncle SAM,' till his adventurous trip culminated in the city of Gotham, at the famous grand ball at the Academy of Music. An amusing sketch is given of the ball, and of the trials of Miss FLORA McFLIMSEY in procuring admission, and of her subsequent endeavors to dance with the PRINCE. All who enjoy a hearty laugh should buy this book. The lean man will laugh himself fat, and the fat man shake himself lean over its perusal.

THE MORAL HISTORY OF WOMAN. From the French of ERNEST LEGOUVE, of the 'Académie Française,' Lecturer in the College of France, 'Author of 'Les Morts Bizarres,' 'Adrienne Lecouvreur,' 'Medée,' etc. Translated from the Fifth Paris Edition, by J. W. PALMER, M.D., Author of 'The New and the Old,' 'Up and Down the Irrawaddi,' etc. In one Volume: pp. 348. New-York: RUDD AND CARLTON.

In our judgment, no work which has appeared upon WOMAN, within the last ten years, possesses one half the varied excellences of this. The author, to be sure, has for his basis the Women of France: but we see nothing in his pages which may not apply with equal propriety and force to the women of England or America. It is written in a style exceedingly attractive; and in all its divisions is enlivened by pertinent anecdotes, and illustrated by cognate ancient or modern historical incident. As an example of the author's manner, we simply cite the following. He is speaking of the yearning for individual love which springs up, undirected, in the breast of a young girl:

'Wise mother, be not afraid of this craving for affection, which frets the heart of your daughter; do not always see in it a husband, as the speedy and inevitable conclusion: she loves, she wishes to be beloved. Well, open to her the vast field of charity; let benevolence, instead of being to her an almost selfish gratification of the heart, an alms which one tosses as one passes, become a condition, and enter into the habitual course of her life, like prayer, like study, like the care of her own person. So many hours every day for this occupation, and every day the same hours; give her one, two, three families to visit and help. To impress upon her this practical instruction, take her into the factories, and there do not spare her the terrible and hideous spectacle; the lesson can never be stern enough, for it can never be too well known. Show her, (she who seeks protection against the lightest breath of air by rich, warm clothing, who prolongs her sleep till morning in a downy bed;) show her poor little girls of six years old dragged away from their repose in winter before daylight, and carried to the factories, weeping and shivering, upon the shoulders of their mothers. Show her, in the large manufacturing towns, poor young girls of her own age, victims of a thousand painful diseases, their bodies deformed, their necks swollen with scrofula, their fingers consumed by ulcers, their

limbs distorted. Although at first sight she may recoil with horror, persist. Hers is not a visit of idle curiosity, it is the beginning of a duty. Then will her soul be flooded with this love, the purest and most fruitful of all—love for the poor! Before such stern realities factitious griefs and meretricious attachments will vanish as if ashamed of themselves. She will behold life and marriage, which until now have appeared to her only as fascinating dreams, in their austere aspects—with their care-worn husbands, their sick children, their child-beds of agony. At eighteen we give up our whole souls to whatever interests us. This continual exercise of charity, this daily association with misery, will fill her life and her heart to the very brim; love for every body will keep at a distance the love for one.'

Dr. PALMER has made an excellent, racy, and faithful translation of a valuable, timely, and fascinating book, while the publishers have done full justice to the externals.

RULE OR RUIN: A SATIRE ON THE TIMES. In one Volume: pp. 36. New-York: FREDERICK A. BRADY, Number 24 ANN-street. HACKER, HART, POWERS AND COMPANY, Number 35 ANN-street, corner of Nassau, Printers.

THIS clever poetical and political *brochure* is quite above the average of similar performances. There is not a little grace and ease of style in its execution: and its satire, from being of a mild type, is doubtless all the more effective. The 'dialogue' between the representatives of the rival parties, or divisions of parties, is 'demolishing,' of course: as all argumentative dialogues are. For do but think of the absurdity of *one* interlocutor putting into his *antagonist's* mouth an argument of *his own*, and then 'circumventing' it by logic, 'pure and simple!' But all this aside. The annexed short extract will justify our commendation of the cleverish manner in which the 'Satire' has been executed:

'ONE afternoon, as day was parting
And sun-shine only touched the steeples,
Though homeward bound, I chanced, ere
starting,
To step into the Place de Peuples.

'T was a quaint landmark of the city,
Famous in song, romance, and ditty,
Where many had met with jovial greeting,
And many a friendship grown from meeting;
Where, through all moods of sun and
weather,
The townsmen sage had met together,
Conversant on all sorts of topics,
From Arctic regions to the tropics:
Negroes, politics, grain, and cotton,
Broken banks, and sceptres rotten,
Priests and laymen, fops and fashions,
Taxes, rates, and Jews, and passions,
Politicians, rogues, and thieves—
And various ills the Nation grieves.

'For fifty years the same old faces
At festive board had ta'en their places,
And though not fast to serve the State,
They ne'er refused to pass the plate:
Indeed, an Alderman had pined
To leave such savory cheer behind,
On which a King might daintily dine,
Albeit with democratic wine.

'Whilom, here came the KNICKERBOCKERS,
Who knew when sour-kROUT graced the
lockers
Instinctively as wolves scent mutton,
And gorged themselves till girth or button
Was rent in twain—it is no wonder—
Even leather sometimes falls asunder!
Or round the hearth-stone dozed in quiet,
Oblivious of a Tyrant's fiat:
Whether King GEORGE with passion panted,
Or gibbering prelates puffed and ranted—
Now threatening fires of sulphurous odor,
Or burning witches into chowder;
Now damning saints, or roasting sinners
For eating meat at Friday dinners,
Or hanging Patriots for believing
God is just, the King deceiving.

'But to my task: three honest men
Had met, as men will meet again,
To take some drink, and talk—forsooth;
Our country's follies, peace, and growth
The favorite theme—which I am loath
To do injustice, if the Muse,
The dew still on her sandal-shoes,
Will deign to lend her scallop-shell
For homely phrase and varying swell.

'The first was of that generous school
That see the right and ply its rule,

Regardless of each noisy whim,
Or skilful hand to fashion him;
No golden bait or diamond ray
Can lure him on a devious way;
No party, clique, or brotherhood
Can blind him 'gainst his country's good.

'The second was a ranting fellow
Who had been green, but now was mellow;
Who thought himself most ripe and sage,
Deep read in law and history's page;
His principles, though not the soundest,
Might yet appear to some profoundest:
The subtle art of wordy speech
He had learned well enough to teach,
And if disciples can be won
Without faith, 'twere strange if he had none!

'The third, whate'er his faults, was true,
And Democratic through and through;
Who saw in every man a brother,
And scorned to rank above another;
Who loved each rood of his native land
As he loved the wife of his heart and hand!

'Not long they dallied with libations,
But quickly took their several stations,
And, without feints, signs, or exceptions,
At once the trio measured weapons;
Now warding off right well-aimed blows,
Now bland as friends, now stern as foes!
Still o'er the thickest of the fight
I saw the standard sheet of Right
Borne by a Youth of giant height —
The Genius of our Native Land
From line to line, and strand to strand!

This is simply from the 'Introduction,' to be sure; and yet it shows the 'trick' of the writer. A word as to the typographical execution of this political venture: it is especially handsome: and what else could be expected from POWERS's taste and skill in the 'entypement,' and HACKER's in the clean, neat, *impressive* printing thereof? — under EARL GRAY, KNICKERBOCKER 'boys' both: and may they, upon their conjoint personal curve, or 'own hook,' as it is sometimes vulgarly termed, meet with that 'reward' which is said to be the personal property of VIRTUE — 'its own:' including, accessorially, as we infer, 'attention to business,' and an eye to 'things goin' on,' generally.

THE LITERARY AND PROFESSIONAL WORKS OF FRANCIS BACON, Baron of Verulam, Viscount St. Albans, and Lord High Chancellor of England. Collected and edited by J. SPEDDING, M.A., ROBERT LESLIE ELLIS, M.A., and DOUGLAS DENON KEATH. Boston: BROWN AND TAGGARD. For sale in New-York by E. FRENCH, 53 Cedar-street.

THE volume received, number eleven of the series, but the only one yet issued, has been edited exclusively by Mr. SPEDDING, and contains the history of the reign of King HENRY the Seventh, and several other historical fragments, each preceded by its preface and enriched with notes and references. A history written by a deposed chancellor, for the reigning king, was open to a suspicion of unfairness, and the work has been criticised somewhat by late English writers. The editor vigorously defends his author against this imputation, and praises the clearness and accuracy of the history, declaring that 'he has succeeded so well that he has left later historians little to do.' The spelling has been modernized, but the quaint, condensed style gives a freshness to the well-worn theme, and renders it as a history attractive. Its accuracy and antiquity, the scholarship and industry of the editor, render this work invaluable to the student: while the attractive dress in which it is presented will aid in recommending it to the general reader. — Since the foregoing was placed in type, a second volume has been received, which awaits notice.

EDITOR'S TABLE.

EDITORIAL HISTORICAL NARRATIVE OF THE KNICKERBOCKER MAGAZINE: NUMBER EIGHTEEN.—We shall hesitate no longer: for it would be unjust to one whose contribution of *The Ollapodiana Papers* to the KNICKERBOCKER formed an *era* in its history, were we to pass them with the brief *allusion* merely, which we accorded to them in the opening number of this 'Narrative-History.' We have been taken to task for our silence in this regard: and a letter before us, from a Philadelphia correspondent, echoes the blame-worthiness of our omission: 'I hope, Mr. CLARK, that in your 'Editorial Narrative' you are not going to content yourself with the passing reference which you made to your twin-brother's '*Ollapodiana*,' certainly the most popular series of papers (not even excepting WASHINGTON IRVING'S '*Crayon Papers*,') which ever appeared in your work. How varied and rich they were!—and yet thousands of your present readers have never seen a line of them; for they were written and printed twenty-five years ago: and although since included in his 'Literary Remains,' the size and price of the volume which contained them have operated to limit its circulation to a 'favored few.' This is true. Even our new publisher, well read in current and periodical literature, had never seen or read a line of OLLAPOD'S. Let us therefore say to others like him, that OLLAPOD himself, in his opening number, expressed the character of the papers to which he was to give both name and fame: 'Good reader,' he says, 'let us have a talk together. Sit you down with benevolent optics, and a kindly heart, and I doubt not that we shall pass an hour right pleasantly, one with another. Pleasantly, in part, but in part it may be, sadly—for you know it is with conversation, as with life—it taketh various colors, and is changing evermore. So we will expect these changes, and meet them as they come. Sometimes we shall be in the cheerful vein, and at others, in that *subjunctive* mood which conquers the jest on the lip, and holds Humor in bonds. But for 'gude or ill,' I shall desire you to sit with me. In the voices of Mirth, there may be excitement, but in the tones of Mourning there is consolation.' This various 'programme' was never lost sight of: and very soon the composition of these papers was to the writer a positive delight: 'I love,' he says, 'this haphazard way of writing; I can be as excursive as a disporting colt, when high-strung health incites him to dancing pleasaunce, and his

frame is replete with pasture. My charter is as large as the wind; and I allow myself to 'flare up' on almost any topic. It is the best way. I have no ambitious veins of thought under my skull; I expect not preferment; I am a lover of quiet, and despise notoriety. I leave that boon to be clutched at by the thousand little celebrities of the day. I wish to be familiar, but not too bold; and easy, but not too tame, neither.' With these introductory words, we pass to a few extracts: grave and gay, for the most part, in natural alternation. The subjoined is what he heard from the lips of an eloquent Methodist divine, who was speaking from the text: 'I have been young, and now I am old, yet have I never seen the righteous forsaken, nor his seed begging bread.' In his pictures of youth and age, and of the sole consolation — 'the one thing needful' — which should sustain both, he broke forth into the following sublime emblem:

'My friends, as I look down from this advantageous eminence, upon the different mortal ages that appear before me — upon cheeks painted with the rosy bloom of childhood, and lips redolent with the fragrance of spring — when I contrast them with the corrugated lineaments and snow-sprinkled temples of age, my mind labors with a fearful comparison. I contrast the full veins and fair moulded features of childhood, with the thin and shrivelled aspects of declining years; and I liken them all to the scenes which we meet with, on the broad ocean of existence. In our better days, we leave the pleasant land of youth in a fairy barque; the sunshine laughs upon the pennon, and trembles on the sail; the sweet winds refresh our nostrils from the flowery shore, the blue vistas delight our eyes, the waves dance in brightness beneath our keel; the sky smiles above us, the sea around us, and the land behind us, as it recedes; and before, a track of golden brightness seems to herald our way. Time wears on: and the shore fades to the view. The barque and its inmates are alone on the ocean. The sky becomes clouded; the invisible winds sweep with a hollow murmur along the deep; the sun sinks like a mass of blood over the waters, which rise and tumble in mad confusion through a wide radius of storm; the clouds, like gloomy curtains, are lifting from afar. The sails are rent; the tackle disparts; broken cordage streams and whistles to the tempest; the waves burst like molten mountains upon the half-submerged and shuddering deck; masts are rent in splinters; the seaman is washed from the wheel. Cries of terror and anguish mingle with the remorseless dash of billows, and the howling of thunder and storm. The foundered boat sinks as she launches; the deck is breaking. God of Mercy! *Who* shall appear for the rescue? *Where* fold the arms that are mighty to save? Men and brethren, aid is near at hand. Through the rifts of the tempest, beaming over the tumultuous waters, moves a pavilion of golden light. The mid-night is waning; gushes of radiance sprinkle the foam; a towering form smiles on the eyes of the despairing voyagers, encircled with a halo of glory. It is the SAVIOUR of Man: it is the Ark of the Covenant! It moves onward — the waves rush back on either hand — and over a track of calm expanse, the Ark is borne. Who steps from its side, and walks over the deep, as if upon the land? It is the great CAPTAIN of our Salvation — the MIGHTY to save! HE rescues the drowning from death, the hopeless from gloom. He stills the fury of the tempest; and for the spirit of mourning, he gives the song of rejoicing and the garments of praise. Ark of the Covenant! roll this way! We are sinking in the deep waters: and there is none to deliver! Let the prayer be offered, and it will save us all!'

'Such is a faint sketch of the exhortation I have mentioned. In illustrating this point, the preacher said: 'Let not this sketch be deemed the dream of a fanciful mind. We are the voyagers, ours is the danger, and God is the Power who guides the Ark of Deliverance.'

'OLLAPOD,' it may be inferred from the following, was not a *bigoted* Phrenologist. It should be added, however, that he wrote at a time when the so-called 'science' was in its infancy:

'I do not believe that the human skull ever was intended as a sort of topographical chart of the soul and its affections. The general principles of the science are plausible, perhaps *true*: but when you come to subdivide a man's scone into innumerable sections of thought and feeling, when you give to every impulse its place of origin, it is 'coming to rather close quarters.' The truth is, such a science, pursued to its *ultimatum*, is the height of folly. I have no reverence for *names*, thank heaven! unless they are hallowed by *reason*. I acknowledge that the brain is placed in a certain part of the human head; that if that part be small, or diminished, the quantity of gumption, in the individual who owns the scone, will be 'nothing to speak of;' and this is the extent of my phrenology. Half the modern professors of this science are as arrant quacks as ever vended nostrum. They tell a story of an acquaintance of mine—a wag, who, by the way, has never denied it—to this effect. He was determined to *quiz* a *phrenologist*. Accordingly, he repaired to his shoe-maker, and caused him to place upon his head an enormous organ of *wax*. The disciple of CRISPIN performed his task well; placed the organ rightly, according to the lithographed plate, and stuck upon it a goodly covering of human hair. Thus accoutred, our hero visited the phrenological professor. He submitted his head to the decisive palms of his Bump-ship, and received his opinion. 'God bless me, Sir!' said the learned judge, 'you have an admirable head, in many respects; but you possess one organ, which speaks volumes for your character.'

'What is that, pray?'

'This is it, Sir—allow me to direct your hand to it, Sir—this is it. Do you feel it? That, Sir, is the organ of *adhesiveness*: and never before, I think, did I see it so strongly developed. Believe me, Sir, you are a wonderful exemplification of our theory: so much so, indeed, that I should almost be tempted to pronounce you a *lusus nature* of science.'

'No you don't!' said the patient, removing the waxen protuberance: 'you are the *curiosity*: you can't tell gum from gumption!'

Reading the ensuing passage the day after our Presidential Election, it occurs to us that it will not be untimely to quote it here:

'It was glorious sport for me, in the 'post prandial hours' of my school days, when election time came. The student loves the season, for he *feels* the very spirit of liberty which the elections perpetuate and display. It is pleasant to see partisans, after election is over, mingling again together in unity and friendship. Half the speeches in political meetings are spoken for effect, and words are used to express ten times more than they mean. 'Now, here is a point,' said a young friend of mine, as he showed me some loose notes of a ward-meeting address: 'here's a place where I mean to get up a small lot of indignation; here I will make a touching appeal to patriotism, our forefathers' rights in jeopardy, and so forth. There

are several fine fellows on the opposition ticket; I have to dine with a couple of them to-morrow; but I shall call them to-night, *politically*, all the varlets, traitors, and rascals, that I can lay my tongue to: and so will they me. But we all know what it amounts to — just nothing, so far as our social positions are concerned. Do what we will, in our self-government, we must be a happy people: but I like the excitement.’

These thoughts upon the Comet of 1835, are they not impressive and eloquent? They seem so to us:

‘Is it not a grand and vast conception, that this wan and misty orb has been travelling swifter than the swiftest cannon-ball, through the dim realms of space, since our SAVIOUR slept in the manger at Bethlehem, and the Star in the East lit its fires for the wise men’s eyes? Is it not like Divinity, that power of Astronomic prophecy, which pierced the curtains of the future, and foretold the advent of this blazing world? Looks it not, like sharing attributes with Omnipotence, and ‘circumventing God?’ And when this generation shall be slumbering in the dust, that predicted orb will again stream its ‘horrid hair’ across our sky. When the lover who has now looked at it with his mistress shall become a patriarch among his children; when the child now lisping its early inquiries of the wandering star, shall tell the tale in after years, to some grand-babe, throned on her knee — then the comet will come again! What changes; what revolutions; what convulsions of states and empires, will chance ere then! My soul expands into a sense of sublimity, as I reflect on the vast world of events between. How many ties will be severed, how many hearts be broken, how many tears be shed! Yet while on earth these vicissitudes will advene and vanish, in that far element above and around us this luminous globe shall wander with its train — flashing and glowing through the fields of immensity. Thought itself — imagination in her boldest flight — sinks with wearied wing, unable to grasp the stupendous, boundless theme! Truly said the ancient minstrel: ‘When I survey the heavens, the work of THY fingers: the moon and the stars which THOU hast ordained; then I say, what is man, that THOU art mindful of him; or the son of man, that THOU visitest him?’

Winter and *Christmas* are seasonable topics at this juncture. Observe how feelingly, how lovingly OLLAPOD welcomed the ‘era of cold and snow:’

‘WINTER gives energy to every thing. A full city, in sleighing-time, is a perfect carnival. Whew! how the cutters, pungs, and fours-in-hand, sweep over the pave! How the bells tintinnabulate! Woman looks sweeter then than ever. The demoiselle in her boa, with her muff and fur-shoes, presents a picture of warmth and comfort, that you cannot too much admire. At this season — perhaps in this I am peculiar — ‘high mountains are a feeling.’ How I should like to have been with NAPOLEON, when he crossed those wintry Alps! to have shared in the excitement, the danger, the triumph! Never, in all his brilliant career did he perform an act more sublime and powerful, in my eyes. This alone, had he achieved nothing more, would have stamped him the greatest Captain of his age.

‘TO-MORROW will be Christmas. Happy day! How I envy the young hearts that its advent will cheer! whose elastic and bounding affections it will revive and strengthen! Would to heaven I were a *millionaire*, for to-morrow only! There should not be a rosy face in the Union that should not be the brighter for my bene-

factions. I would distribute presents to every urchin and miss I met; and that holiest of all pleasures, *benevolence*, should nestle warmly in my bosom. God bless the children! unsullied by the guileful contacts of the world; fresh in their feelings, simple in their desires, fervent in their loves, they are the emblems of blessedness and peace. Truly of such is the kingdom of Heaven; and sweetly did the characteristic meekness of our SAVIOUR appear when he said: 'Suffer little children to come unto Me!' Would that I were a boy again! Would that I had my few years to live over again! I would enjoy the present, as it rolled on the future; I would revel in the light of sparkling eyes, and the smile of lips, that the grave has closed and sealed forever! I would sing, and shout, and fly my kite, and glide down the snowy hill on my little craft, as in days of yore. I would enjoy the spring, as I used once to do; that pleasant season, as WILLIAM LACKADAY, Esquire, observes in the play, 'when the balmy breezes is a-blowin', and the primroses peeps out, and the little birds begins for to sing;' and I would make it a point to have *no enemies*. I would do this without being a JOSEPH SURFACE, too; for I hold insincerity to be the most detestable of all the vices for which men go unhung.'

No one had a keener eye for the burlesque than the writer of these papers. Nothing which was ludicrously grotesque ever escaped his notice. Here is a small casual specimen:

'It is diverting in the extreme, to observe the pompous grandiloquence in the advertisements of the amusement-furnishing public, about Christmas and New-Year. Sublimity glares from the theatrical hand-bill, and the menagerie *affiche*. Curiosities, then, have a 'most magnanimous value.' I remember, not long ago, that I desired a lovely lady, a French countess, to accompany me to a Zoological Institute, to behold an *American Eagle*. I was pleased at the expressed wish which led me to make the invitation, and proud of the prospect of showing a living emblem of our country's insignia to one who felt an interest in the subject. The bills of the institute set forth, that 'the grand Columbia's Eagle was the monarch of its tribe, measuring an unprecedented length from the tip of one wing to the other, in full plumage, and vigor.' The countess had never seen but one eagle, in the *Jardin des Plantes* at Paris, and that was a small one, and ungrown; so that her anticipations of novelty were as great as mine. We went, and with interesting expectancy, asked of the president of the institute, who was engaged in the noble pursuit of feeding a sick baboon with little slips of cold pork, to discover to us 'Columbia's eagle.' He marshaled us to the other end of the institute, past the cages of lions, bears, libbards, and other animals—among which was a singular *quadruped*, with six legs—to the cage of the eagle. 'There,' he exclaimed, with professional monotony—'there *is* the proud bird of our country, that *was* caught in the West, and *has* been thought to have killed many animals in his life-time. He *was* five hours and twenty-three minutes in being put into the cage, so strong *was* his wings. Look at him *clue*. He'll bear inspection. Jist observe the keen *irish* of his eye.'

'An involuntary and hearty laugh from us both, followed the sight, and the announcement. It was a dismal-looking bird, about the size of a goodly owl, with a crest-fallen aspect, the feathers of the tail and wings dwindled to a few ragged quills; and the shivering fowl, standing on one leg, looked with a vacant, spectral eye at his visitors. Nothing could be so perfectly burlesque, and we enjoyed it deeply and long.'

A single example more must close our 'Narrative-History' for the present month. The passage 'tells its own story:'

'TALKING of a man's making a hero of himself, reminds me of an old friend of mine, who is fond of telling long stories about fights and quarrels that he has had in his day, and who always makes his hearer his opponent for the time, so as to give effect to what he is saying. Not long ago I met him on 'Change, at a business hour, when all the commercing multitudes of the city were together, and you could scarcely turn, for the people. The old fellow fixed his eye on me; there was a fatal fascination in it. Getting off without recognition, would have been unpardonable disrespect. In a moment, his finger was in my button-hole, and his rheumy optics glittering with the satisfaction of your true *bore*, when he has met with an unresisting subject. I listened to his common-places with the utmost apparent satisfaction. Directly, he began to speak of an altercation which he once had with an officer in the navy. He was relating the *particulars*. 'Some words,' said he, 'occurred between *him* and *me*. Now you know that he is a much younger man than I am: in fact, about *your* age. Well, he '*made use of an expression*' which I did not exactly like. Says I to him, says I: 'What do you mean by that?' 'Why,' says he to me, says he: 'I mean just what I say.' Then I began to burn. There was an impromptu elevation of my personal dandruff, which was unaccountable. I did n't waste words on him: I just took him in this way,' (here the old *spoony* suited the action to the word, by seizing the collar of my coat, before the assemblage,) 'and says I to him, says I: 'You infernal scoundrel, I will punish you for your insolence on the spot!' and the manner in which I shook him, (just in *this* way,) was really a warning to a person similarly situated.'

'I felt myself at this moment in a beautiful predicament: in the midst of a large congregation of business people — an old gray-headed man hanging, with an indignant look, at my coat-collar — and a host of persons looking on. The old fellow's face grew redder every minute; but perceiving that he was observed, he lowered his voice in the *detail*, while he lifted it in the worst places of his colloquy. 'You infernal scoundrel, and caitiff, and villain,' says I, 'what do you mean, to insult an elderly person like myself, in a public place like this?' and then, said he, lowering his malapropos voice, 'then I shook him, *so*.'

'Here he pushed me to-and-fro, with his septuagenarian gripe on my collar, as if instead of a patient, much-bored *friend*, I was his deadly enemy. When he let go, I found myself in a *ring* of spectators. 'Shame, shame! to insult an old man like him!' was the general cry. 'Young puppy!' said an elderly merchant, whose good opinion was my heart's desire, 'what excuse have you for your conduct?'

'Thus was I made a martyr to my good feelings. I have never recovered from the stigma of that interview. I have been pointed at in the street by persons who have said as I passed them: 'That's the young chap that insulted old General —, at the Exchange!'

The same old bore asked him into the reading-room of the Exchange, to see whether the annexed advertisement of his were correct or not:

'SHAD. — Now landing, several barrels of Shad. The barrels is new, and the shad are fresh. For sale by — —, No. 85 — street.

'Tell me now,' said he, 'whether '*barrels is*' is right? Don't you think I ought to have used the subjunctive mood in the future tense, and said, '*the barrels are*,' and cetera? I *know*, you know: but I want to be *positive*!'

REMINISCENCES OF BEING BADLY SCARED.—We may thus designate the following lively sketch of our 'California-Lion' correspondent, who modestly explains, that 'not being a practised writer,' (so much the better,) he 'looks for the kind indulgence' of his readers. But small 'indulgence,' as he interprets it, does he require:

'As we were thinking of the Emperor CHARLES V., when he read upon the tomb stone of a Spanish nobleman, 'Here lies one who never knew fear,' wittily saying, 'Then he never snuffed a candle with his fingers,' memory carried us to the spot we occupied ten years ago, and what we there heard let us attempt to sketch.

'Seated within the adobe walls of the tavern, at the Mission of San Jose, in the Golden State, around a table, whose ill-shaped angles and want of plumb indicated the absence of the carpenter at the date of its construction, enjoying such comforts as the house afforded, were five of us, who had met at this common home of the traveller.

'A one for you, Major,' said Colonel Brooks to Major BANKS, as he vented his hilarity in a loud strain, in which the rest joined, at the conclusion of the Major's story: 'Very good tale, and very well told—what'll you take? give it a name, gentlemen—I say, landlord!' and, as this call was accompanied with a meaning gesture, the proprietor of the establishment approached, and received orders for further refreshments.

'Now the Colonel, as near as we could estimate him, was, out-and-out, a synonym for trump, brick, tip-top fellow, or any other appellation that conveys the idea of a good drinker, first-rate story-teller, and one who had been around, and seen the elephant from tail to tusks.

'He had at that time upon his shingle, 'Attorney-at-law;' but his practice was chiefly at the bar of mine host, who 'lo'ed him like a vera brither.' What his special antecedents had been, we know not. All of the party were till this occasion entire strangers to us, excepting our friend CHARLEY PUD, who had accompanied us thus far on our way to San Jose, to which place, distant fifteen miles, we intended to walk together the following day. As for the Major or Mr. BROWN, either might be described, with comprehensive brevity, by saying he was 'one of 'em,' not without intelligence, who knew well how to take his ease in his inn.

'To go from gay to grave,' said BROWN, as the landlord returned with the stimulus, 'about a year since, as I had heard so much of the beauties of Santa Clara and San Jose valleys, I determined to visit them. It was in April, and, the weather being fine, I left the stage some thirty miles from San Francisco, resolved to walk leisurely through the country, and enjoy to the fullest extent the landscape, then splendid with luxuriant vegetation. As I moved along, absorbed in admiration of nature's loveliness, I confess I began to feel quite romantic; and, having dispensed with all restraints, even caution, in order to gain a sense of the greatest liberty, I found myself, as night approached, going over hilly ground, and nearing a forest of red-wood. By this time I suspected I had heedlessly gone astray, and meeting some muleteers soon after, they informed me, in reply to my questions, that I had left the direct road several hours before, and that the nearest house was five miles off, upon the trail I was now following, which, by a circuitous route through the forest, finally led into the way I wished to travel. Bracing myself for this further task, I entered

the wood, and walked steadily forward, musing pleasantly, or watching the stealthy coyotes as they stole through the twilight shadows of the trees: endeavoring now to number the various discordant notes of these animals, which you know are half-irritating, half-amusing to the initiated, but terrific to a stranger. I had proceeded perhaps half-way toward the house, paying but little attention to the complaints of a host of owls, when I was suddenly started by a noise very different from what I had previously heard. I cannot describe it, but there was a tone of the menagerie about it which forced upon me the thought that it must be something like a cat. I listened, and again the cry reverberated through the timber, leaving me in doubt as to its distance. Though I suggested to myself that what I had heard was probably the voice of a harmless animal, to which echo had given this alarming sound; yet as I suspected it might belong to a ferocious creature, my pace, which had been moderate, became at once quite rapid; and as the cry again rang in my ears, unmistakably nearer, leading me to think of my weaponless condition, I fell into a brisk run. At short intervals, and each consecutive time at a less distance, was that roar, if I may so call it, repeated; and at every repetition my speed increased, till on the last heat, when I hove in sight of the habitation, as a sailor would say, my time must have been as good as 'GILBERSLEEVE'S. Bursting upon the inmates of the house, who proved to be a settler and family from Missouri, in a few words I related my adventure, when the farmer informed me that my pursuer was doubtless a lion, as they were not uncommon thereabout, one having lately committed severe depredations upon a neighbor's stock, and carried off a colt from his own corral.'

'Nice neighborhood to live in,' suggested our friend PUB, who had been an attentive hearer.

'Quite an exciting chase,' said the Colonel, 'reminds me of a bit of my own locomotion — beg your pardon, Major, proceed.'

'Why,' said the Major, 'as Mr. Brown has acknowledged a 'scare,' I do n't mind giving an incident of my experience.'

'Every body agreed to the proposal, and Major BANKS began: 'Some time ago I stopped over night in the old barrack town of Sonoma, and early the next morning I started to visit an acquaintance of mine who had gone to ranching a few miles away. You mentioned the valleys in this vicinity, Mr. Brown; well, they are pretty, but Napa, Martinez, Sonoma, and all that country about the smaller bays, will be a garden spot in a few years. I felt delighted with the fine scenery, as I tramped along the slope of one of a continuity of high hills that run into the coast range, and think I must have been intently admiring the prominence of Mount Diablo, towering as you know it does above all others inside the horizon from that point of view, when I heard a sound of hoofs behind me, and turning beheld a part of an immense herd of cattle, which I had before observed grazing on the mountain side, descending the distant hills at a gallop. Becoming interested in their movements, I saw rank after rank join the main body until all, numbering several thousand head, were in motion. Over the nearer hills poured the horned army in overwhelming masses; and now they were at the very verge of the declivity, at the base of which I stood. The peril of my position at once flashed upon me, but there was no retreat; not a tree any where to be seen. I had heard of these cattle stampedes, and was now a decidedly unwilling spectator of one of them. With almost the velocity of a charge of cavalry they thundered down, some with heads and tails both erect; others, with menacing lowered horns, appeared to make directly at me;

in short, it seemed that every fiery eye glared at me, that those elevated tails were-flung tauntingly at my helplessness, and each armed head evidently made me its target. Onward came the living avalanche, pursuers and pursued, sweeping by like a hurricane; and, as they passed me in frightful proximity, each

'FRISKED to show his huge delight,
Much like a beast of spirit.'

"It is a fact, gentlemen, that, expecting every moment to be trampled under their feet, before half of that herd had rushed by, I became weak in the knees, and despairingly sank upon the ground: nor, until I saw the terrible troop quietly feeding in the remote plain, did I recover sufficient strength to return to town, which, I assure you, I did not leave again afoot."

"Save me from such a situation, as I don't want to get prematurely gray," said CHARLEY PUD.

"There's a deal of danger about these California cattle," remarked the Colonel, 'as the rancheros only corral them once a year, for the purpose of branding; and having such an unlimited territory to roam over, they get wild and sometimes wicked, especially the old bulls. Now shortly after my arrival in the country, I was badly frightened by an ancient 'taurus,' who persisted in following me to my utter disgust.'

"Tell the tale, Colonel," said CHARLEY, whose appetite for adventure, as an auditor, appeared to be increasing.

"Well," replied the Colonel, 'I've no objections, though the Major's escape eclipses mine. Our party, with two teams, had taken a land-route through a grazing district bound for the mines; and, during the journey, passed among numerous herds, occasionally meeting an 'old un,' who stood his ground fiercely, when we usually politely turned out, but as a general thing their behavior was domestic. I loitered so long one day, with my gun, in an isolated piece of timber, that the wagons had gained about a couple of miles upon me when I struck out to overtake them. As I walked briskly along, I saw a cloud of dust ahead, which I found, upon approaching it, to be made by the pawing of a homely 'hide-and-tallow,' with wrinkles enough on his front for an antideluvian. Not liking his looks, I immediately decided to give him a wide berth, and began to make a circuit for that purpose, but 'short-horn' continuing to tear up the turf in a threatening manner, I made an instant display of what I call peculiar pedestrianism. In even-handed justice to the beast, I must say that he allowed me to get a pretty good start before joining in the pursuit, but he made up in vigor of action the little time he had thrown away upon fair play. You may suppose it was pull both for awhile: 'Taurus' pursued as though he recognized in me one of those cruel matadores, whose life had been spent in torturing his race, and on whom, he, as the representative of the ghosts of all the slain of his breed, was bent upon wreaking condign retribution. Once or twice, I fancied that another lope would bring the wrathful avenger in fearful nearness to my rear; and, at such times instinctively shrinking from the impending danger, I darted forward with fresh impetus; but, alas! my strength was well-nigh spent, and I began to think there was no escape from the unenviable fate that is proverbially said to await those who indiscreetly irritate a bull, when my friends, who had fortunately seen the chase, advanced, and made a diversion in my favor by firing their guns, just in time to save me from a toss. I had hung tight to my piece, but forgotten to shoot, which might have been ineffectual; however, I now had the

satisfaction of giving him a few shots of remembrance, in acknowledgment of which he whisked his tail and travelled.'

'I congratulate you upon the strength of your running-gear, Colonel,' said Brown, 'and as you did n't take a 'horn' then, suppose we hide one all round now, by way of night-cap.'

This ceremony was accordingly performed, when Pud and ourself retired. Early next morning, after refreshing rest, we arose and found our friend awake, having seemingly spent a disturbed night.

'Come, old fellow,' said we, 'time to be stirring, so as to reach the capital before the heat of the day.'

'Why, Rufus,' replied he, 'I do n't think I can go any farther with you; a business matter has occurred to me that requires my immediate personal attention, so I must return to the city to-day by the stage.'

'Not alarmed at the yarns those fellows spun last night?' we inquired.

'No, no; not in the least — but — important affair, indeed — forgot all about it till I went to bed — sorry I can't go with you: but it an't far.'

Finding we must walk alone, after eating breakfast and lighting a segar, we started, and went cautiously through a large 'crop' of cattle, though not without misgivings as to the peaceable character of some of them. Keeping our coat, which was lined with red flannel, closely buttoned, that we might not be considered as challenging hostilities, and, from time to time, prudently making a considerable curve where we felt a straight line to be impracticable, we at length reached the seat of government safely, but with a fixed opinion of the great Doctor's wisdom, when he said: 'Fear is one of the passions of the human breast, of which it cannot be divested.'

AUCTION-SALE OF BURTON'S SHAKSPEARE COLLECTION.— We have seen the last of Mr. BURTON's splendid LIBRARY: it is widely scattered, and has now numerous owners: and, let us hope also, numerous readers, which it might not otherwise have secured. The best volumes of the superb SHAKSPEARE collection were bidden off for Mr. FORREST, the eminent American Tragedian. Well do we remember, (one evening in his library, after dinner,) Mr. BURTON taking down a dingy-looking volume, kissing it reverently, and handing it to us for examination. It was a copy of *The First Edition of the Early Plays of Shakspeare* which was ever published. The capable critic of the Philadelphia '*Press*' describes it more particularly below:

'THE most valuable SHAKSPEARE in this fine collection, however, was that printed in 1623, seven years after the death of the great master. Mr. FORREST regards it as the most correct edition extant, and it is believed to be the only copy in the United States. It was purchased by Mr. BURTON, in 1851, of T. and W. BOONE, booksellers, London, and the single volume cost him four hundred and ten dollars. The letter of the Messrs. BOONE, apprising Mr. BURTON of the purchase, we have read. They state that if he is dissatisfied with the book, they will gladly take it back, and refund the money. For this SHAKSPEARE Mr. FORREST has repeatedly offered six hundred dollars. It contains all the comedies, histories, and tragedies published according

to the true original copies, and is the very first folio edition ever printed. ISAAC JAGGARD and EDWARD BLUNT were the printers. The portrait of SHAKSPEARE is evidently authentic. The book measures twelve and three-quarter inches high, by eight and a quarter inches wide, and was bound at a later period in red morocco, by BEDFORD.

'Twenty-two of the thirty-six SHAKSPEARE plays in this volume had never been previously published in any form whatever. Of these, it is the patent text which imparts an extraordinary value to it. Mr. FORREST paid for this book three hundred and seventy-five dollars. He also secured the second impression of the above copy, published in 1632; the third impression, published in 1663; and the fourth impression, published in 1685, paying, we believe, for these three volumes, some two hundred and fifty dollars.'

Mr. FORREST purchased beside, (with many other early and modern approved editions of SHAKSPEARE,) BOYDELL's splendid edition of nine volumes, choice proofs of all the plates; a set of etchings, published in 1802; and HALLIWELL's 'great folio and stupendous work,' with a Life of the Poet.

GOSSIP WITH READERS AND CORRESPONDENTS.—When GARIBALDI was in this country, he used frequently, in Summer, to come up to Hastings-on-the-Hudson, to see his friend AVEZANNA, and was usually there over Sunday: occasionally he would 'drop up' to 'DOBB, his Ferry,' a lovely mile's walk: and there it was, and on the Monday morning steamer to town, that we often saw him: also at the beautiful cottage of our dear departed friend, S. D. DAKIN, with whom he sometimes dined and passed an evening. Our friend's love of Italian literature, which he read with ease, and treasured with delight, and GARIBALDI's history, modesty, and preëminent accessible intelligence, made him a most cherished visitor. Apropos of GARIBALDI: we perceive by the latest Italian correspondence of the *London Times*, that in the 'thickest of the fight' at the *Great Battle of Volturno*, AVEZANNA (who we were only a week ago informed, was 'aching' to be in Italy) with other able officers, were acting in admirable concert, and immediate contact, with their beloved and now world-renowned commander, at the great battle above mentioned. It seems scarcely six weeks since we met General AVEZANNA crossing Chambers-street in Broadway. But Patriotism travels 'on the wings of the wind.' Can any one—can any AMERICAN—who remembers the 'days of old' in our national existence, read the following from the noble proclamation of VICTOR EMMANUEL, without at once yielding his heart-felt meed of praise? We doubt it:

'A FIGHT began for freedom in Sicily, when a brave warrior, devoted to Italy and to me, General GARIBALDI, sailed to its aid. They were Italians. Could I, ought I, to have prevented them? The fall of the Government of Naples *strengthened in my heart the conviction that Kings and Governments should build their thrones on the love and esteem of the people.* The new Government in the Two Sicilies was inaugu-

rated in my name. But some of its acts caused apprehension lest it should not in every respect well interpret that policy which is represented by my name. It was feared throughout Italy that under the shade of a glorious popularity, of a long-tried honesty, a faction should muster which was ready to sacrifice the forthcoming triumph of the national cause to the chimeras of its ambitious fanaticism. All Italians turned to me, that I might avert this danger. It was my duty to do it, because in the present emergency it would be no moderation, no wisdom, but weakness and imprudence, not to take with a strong hand the direction of that national movement, for which I am responsible before Europe. I have sent my soldiers into the Marches and Umbria, and scattered that ill-sorted mob of people of all nations and tongues which had gathered there as a new, strange phase of foreign intervention, and the worst of all. I have proclaimed *Italy for the Italians*.

'People of Southern Italy! my troops march into your country to strengthen public order. I do not come to impose *my will* upon you, but to see that *yours* is respected. You will be called freely to manifest it. May the vote you will deposit in the urn be inspired by that PROVIDENCE which protects a righteous cause! Whatever may be the course of events, I tranquilly await the judgment of civilized Europe, because I am convinced that I have fulfilled my duties as a King and an Italian.'

Noble words: and not less noble the speech of the Count de CAVOUR in the Sardinian Chambers, upon the bill, which was passed by an immense majority, to annex the Pontifical States, and the Two Sicilies, to the Piedmontese Kingdom. And if these impress us so forcibly in the translation, what must they have been in the original? - - - READER: 'You may remember,' (as the Clerk of the Court of Sessions says to a prisoner about to remove to Sing-Sing for change of air and fare,) a scene in an Albany court-room, in a case of assault, where the young and ambitious counsel was brought down his 'high-falutin' style by the Judge, who said: 'Suppose you ask the witness if he saw the prisoner *strike* the plaintiff here? Would n't *that* be as well?' This simple question was asked, at once answered, and the case was at an end. The following reminds us of that amusing incident:

'In our drug-store I have a fellow-clerk, somewhat celebrated among his acquaintances as a conductor of puns, and an utterer of dry jokes. He is a boyish-looking youth, and officiates, when his services are required, behind the soda-fountain. A few mornings since, a fashionably-dressed, poetical-looking young gentleman entered, and seating himself on a stool in front of the counter, in a choice selection of phrases, requested the clerk to prepare him a seidlitz-powder. The following conversation, ridiculous in its earnestness, resulted:

'CLERK: 'With syrup?'

'CUSTOMER: (*slowly and methodically* :) 'I require it not as a refreshment. If the syrup vitiate not the effect of the compound, you may mingle with it such an amount of the substance as will render the potation palatable. Or, the better understood —'

'CLERK: (*interrupting* :) 'I comprehend you perfectly. Permit me to assure you that the tendency of the syrup will be rather to enhance than diminish the purgative virtues of the drug.'

'CUSTOMER: (*indignant at observing that his style is affected by the other:*) 'Then proceed, miracle of medical literature and wisdom!'

'CLERK: 'With dispatch, confounder of fools.'

'CUSTOMER: 'Then, if not struck motionless, use haste.'

'All this was so quietly, so politely said, that although amused beyond expression at the conversation, I stared in wonder at the parties. The clerk evidently felt cut at the last remark of the other, but mixed the powder, which the stranger triumphantly swallowed, paid for, and started to leave the store.

'CLERK: Should you feel any uneasiness in the region of the stomach within the period of fifteen minutes, illustrious patron, attribute the causes to the accidental introduction into the draught you have just taken of some drug of vigorous effect and painful consequence.'

'CUSTOMER: (*a trifle frightened:*) 'If I do, blast you, I'll punch your head!'

'CLERK: 'I thought I'd bring you down to plain English, but I guess you'll find the powder all right!'

The 'Customer' went his way, and the 'Clerk' saw him no more. He was slightly 'mistaken in the person!' - - - Our neighbor and old contemporary must have laughed ('furtively,' at least) when he found his own biography 'illustrating,' with good-natured satire, the Encyclopædiastic blunders of certain 'condensing' biographists of this our day:

'GREELEY, HORACE: Was born in Oregon, near the conflux of the Astoria. During his infancy he subsisted entirely upon roots and herbs, and was remarkable for wearing a copper stock about his neck. He sailed for this country in a Galway steamer. He got employment as a gardener, but in attempting to root out a large weed, tore his linen. His employer, one SEWARD, forgetting to pay him his wages, he left the weed and invented '*Greeley's Corn Salve*.' He discovered the Slievegammon fund; was elected a member of Congress, and immediately after requested his friends not to call him Honorable. Retiring on his mileage, was presented with the title 'Galvanized Squash,' by JAPANEZE G. BENNETT, Professor of Heraldry. He has since gone into the fence-rail business upon a limited capital.'

That 'mad wag,' PRENTICE, must have had something to do with this burlesque: they say so, at all events. - - - We *think* we know—in fact, we have very little doubt that we *do* know—the writer of the inclosed comments on '*Second Marriages*.' He has not succeeded in disguising his 'hand-of-write:' though it was *finely* done, at any rate, and amusingly devised:

'TALK about inconstancy, why, that is the name for MAN; and no sooner have the jaws of the grave closed upon the lovely form of his wife, than he hardly waits a decent twelve-month, before he is in search of another; and a year of mourning is hardly over, before he is breathing the same vow into the ear of some other confiding female, which he breathed into the ears of the first, who was fool enough to trust him. Poor woman sometimes has an excuse in her dependent state, being 'without a protector,' and all that: but such excuses will not do, for one who desires to be thought a man. I know they tell us that in the future state, there is to be no marrying or giving in marriage: but angelic natures must be very different from ours, if the first departed is expected to look with any complacency upon the angel forms of Number Two, Three, and perhaps Four, who precede their liege lord to the

Spirit-Land. I often wonder whether these widowers mated a second or a third time do not have uncomfortable visions in the night-watches: whether they do not sometimes see in the curtained stillness round their bed, a pale face with melancholy eyes filling their souls with dread. WHITTIER has written some lines, which, like every thing else he writes, is running over with rich poetic thought, called '*The New Wife and the Old*,' which may be commended to the prayerful perusal of all widowers unfaithful to the memory of their first wife, or contemplating being so. He imagines the cold spectral fingers of the first wife drawing silently from those of the second, as she lies sleeping,

'Love's fair gifts of gold and gems:'

and then follow lines like these:

'Ring and bracelet all are gone,
And that ice-cold hand withdrawn;
But she hears a murmur low,
Full of sweetness, full of woe;
Half a sigh and half a moan —
'Fear not! give the dead her own.'

'Ah! the dead wife's voice she knows!
That cold hand whose pressure froze,
Once in warmest life had borne
Gem and band her own had worn:
'Wake thee! wake thee!' lo! his eyes
Open with a dull surprise.

'In his arms the strong man folds her,
Closer to his breast he holds her;
Trembling limbs his own are meeting,
And he feels her heart's quick beating;
'Nay, my dearest, why this fear?'
'Hush!' she saith, 'the dead are here!'

'Nay, a dream — an idle dream!
But before the lamp's pale gleam,
Tremblingly her hand she raises —
There no more the diamond blazes,
Clasp of pearl or ring of gold —
'Ah!' she sighs, 'her hands were cold!'

'Now, is not this enough to frighten any widower from again entering into the state matrimonial? — or, if he has entered in, to keep him in agonized suspense about the coming of just such a spectre as this? But even if it does *not* come in the shape of spectral hands, icy cold, there must be times when remorseful memories will haunt him:

'When the tenderest ones and weakest,
Who their wrongs have born the meekest,
Lifting from those dark still places,
Sweet and sad remembered faces,
O'er the guilty hearts behind
An unwilling triumph find.'

We have some fear that all this may provoke reply; there are so many second marriages in the world, 'you know.' - - - *The 'Northern Rail-Road of New-Jersey,'* from Jersey City to Piermont-on-Hudson, under the capable supervision of the President, Mr. THOMAS S. HERRING, and his Board of Directors, has proved a complete success. The wide and spacious cars are full every day: property has doubled and trebled in value, and new and handsome buildings are going up, along the entire line of the road: the track is in capital order, under the care of the experienced Superintendent, Mr. BRADFORD SEYMOUR: and we

predict that it will not be long before the road will be extended to Nyack and Haverstraw, on the Hudson. - - - READER: you can judge somewhat concerning the 'stage of improvement' which the world will have reached, in the way of invention and 'manufactures,' a hundred years from now, by scanning the opening advertisements which ensue, from a copy of *The London Times for October, 1960*, a perfect *fac-simile*, in all respects, of the modern 'Thunderer'—types, paper, general arrangement—every thing. There is a fair amount of various satire and fun in the whole budget, it strikes us:

TO BE SOLD BY AUCTION, at WILDMAN'S Repository, Little Britain, by Mr. HENRY WILDMAN, Junior, on Thursday, February 2, THIRTY-HACK STEAM-HORSES, calculated for pleasure or utility, the property of a gentleman who is parting with his steam stud. The public are requested to notice that Mr. WILDMAN strictly confines himself to sales by commission, and that the horses now steamed are not condensed to the prejudice of either buyer or seller, and under no circumstance at WILDMAN'S repository is the practice of unscrewing allowed. A fair price given for old iron tails.

THE FLABBERGASTUM, a Steam Coffee-Pot, and Miniature Machine, by which Coffee is roasted, ground, made, and poured-out, in the short space of three seconds. May be had of ABEL BOLT, Mocha House, Barbican.

COMFORT IN TRAVELLING.—Messrs. WALKER AND FLIGHT beg to invite the attention of pedestrians to their portable walking-sticks, which contain (conveniently stowed away) in their interior tubes, a bed, bolster, and pillow, ready for inflation; also a bedstead, linen sheets, Witney-blankets, soap, pens, ink, sealing-wax, paper, boot-jack, fire, knives, forks, spoons, MILTON, SHAKESPEARE, BYRON, easy-chair, and a comfortable velocipede. At prices varying from 2s. 6d. to an Albert. Budge-Row. Copy the Address.

BRITISH ASSOCIATION.—An extraordinary Meeting of the Members will be held on the first of February next, Professor WAGEMAN in the chair. A full attendance is particularly requested, as Professor JACKSON is prepared to prove, as an indisputable fact, that the Antediluvians kept cows, and vended their produce like Christians; the learned Professor having discovered, during his travels in Belgavia,

a petrified milk-walk, with a fragment of a fossil pump-handle at the end of it.

FOR IMMEDIATE SALE.—A small Joke Business, doing from six to seven puns per day. The dinner connection is good, and capable of improvement, with an average stock of linen, and appetite moderate. No professed punster or pick-pocket need apply. The concern is only parted with in consequence of the proprietor going into another line—the penny-a-line. Address JANIUS, Senior, Grub-street, City.

Now Publishing.

THE HAND-BOOK for BEGGARS.—A complete guide for those who get their living in the streets, and especially dedicated to those sensible individuals who think that 'What is worth having, is worth asking for.'

TANNER AND BROWN,
Mendicant-Row, Cripple-gate.

In the Press, and speedily will be published,
price, 10s. 6d.

THE TALE that the Ghost of HAMLET'S Father said he could unfold. As only a limited number of impressions will be printed, early application for copies is suggested. CLAUDIUS AND SON, Booksellers, Denmark-Hill.

LISTENER.—Wants a place as Listener to a gentleman or gentlewoman, a young man with great talents for silence. Has an extraordinary fund of patience, and can get up a laugh if required. Letters (prepaid) to ALFRED TOADEATER, Charter-house-Square.

NEW BOOK.—The Twenty-fifth Thousand of 'BABIANA, or Bon Mots of Babies under six years of age,' now first collected from mothers, sisters, cousins, and aunts. In 24 Volumes. London: LOVE-CHILD AND JOY, Badd-street. Price one Albert.

This last advertisement shows what our 'Little People's Side-Table' will have accomplished a hundred years hence. It will be farther remarked, that the young, handsome, and modest PRINCE, who has just left us, has the honor of giving a name to the current coin of the United Kingdom. Among the advertisements of 'For Sale,' is one of a portrait of 'the famous WIDDICOMBE,' of ASTLEY'S Amphitheatre, who was believed to be older than the 'Wandering

Jew.' His 'Autobiography,' written in the 1949th year of his age, is noticed in a 'Review of New Publications,' with extracts in the literary department of the journal. 'The introduction,' says the reviewer, 'of the various persons, with whom the autobiographer has been on terms of intimacy in the course of his long and useful life, is humorous, unaffected, and, we think, new.' His characters, or rather sketches of characters, are pleasingly drawn, and the following extracts will serve as a fair specimen of his life and time :

'QUEEN ELIZABETH was remarkably fond of raw rump-steaks: I've seen her Majesty eat fourteen good pounds before breakfast. I once ventured (in my capacity of Master of the Horse) to ask her how she liked them? Her Majesty's reply was prompt and characteristic: 'What is that to you, old file? mind your own business.'

'SHAKESPEARE took me with him one day to assist in holding horses outside the Globe-Theatre, then at Bank-side. It was a finer play-house, to my mind, than Duckrow's Amphitheatre. He was very angry with the manager for rejecting a play he had written, called 'HAMLET, Prince of Denmark;' and turning to me, said: 'WIDDICOMBE, my boy, you will live to see the tragedy acted, when I am dead and gone.' Singular prophecy! Three hundred years after this exclamation, I sustained the character of Oskic, in the said play, at Marylebone, under Dame WARNER.'

'I OVERTOOK OLIVER CROMWELL, going to fetch a jug of spring-water from the Conduit at Charing. The old gentleman accidentally stumbled over a stone: he fell, and I lifted him up. Mark the difference between a monarchical and a republican government. For this simple act of common courtesy, I was offered a pair of colors, and a commission in the Parliamentary army.'

Vive la Bagatelle! - - - A CORRESPONDENT at Newburyport, (Mass.,) adverting to the 'Odd Epitaphs,' quoted in our last number, sends us the following, which he says he 'should like to see handed down to posterity in the same batch:'

'SACRED to ye memory of Mrs. MARY McHARD, the virtuous and amiable consort of Captain WILLIAM McHARD of Newburyport, who, amidst the laudable exertions of a very useful and desirable life, in which her Christian profession was well adorned and a fair copy of every social virtue displayed, was, in a state of health, suddenly summoned to the skies, and snatched from ye eager embraces of her friends, and the throbbing hearts of her disconsolate family confessed their fairest prospects of sublunary bliss were in one moment dashed, by swallowing a pea at her own table, whence, in a few hours, she sweetly breathed her soul away into her SAVIOUR's arms, on the 8th day of March, Anno Domino 1780, Ætat 47.'

'Prospects of sublunary bliss in one moment dashed by swallowing a pea at her own table!' Mortuary pathos could no farther go!

'THE 'EPITAPHS' in the last number of the KNICKERBOCKER,' writes a friend from Belfast, (Maine,) 'brought to mind one which I found on a tomb-stone near the shore of an island near by, in the Bay of Penobscot. I do not know as it is worthy of a place on the 'TABLE,' but I will send it. Here it is:

IN MEMORY OF
JERUSHA-ANNE, WIFE OF JEREMIAH W. BOGGS:
DIED APRIL 13TH, 1846,
IN THE 27TH YEAR OF HER AGE.

'FAREWELL, my dear husband,' saith she,
'Now from your kind bosom I leap
To JESUS, my bridegroom to be,
My flesh in the tomb shall soon sleep.'

'Now like a disconsolate dove,
I'm left all alone for to mourn :
Oh ! may the kind SAVIOUR above
Show pity to me *while alone*.'

'Whether the said 'disconsolate' is yet 'alone' I have not ascertained : I presume not, however, as the 'island' is a wonderful locality for female 'doves.'

ANOTHER correspondent, writing from Boston, says : 'The pair of verses you place in your November Magazine and attribute to CHARLES WESLEY, reminds me of where and how I saw a portion of one of them used. It so happened one summer, that the Fates sent me down to the tip of Cape Cod, to the town called Provincetown. A great village this is generally. The horses are so thin that their owners tie them to the fences to prevent the wind from blowing them away ; and the cows are not allowed to run loose, lest they should eat Uncle SAM's beach-grass. There was an 'hourly' that ran every fifteen minutes, with an average of two passengers. At low tide, the distance to Truro is seven miles, and at high-water, fourteen. Some difference that ! If you sail into the harbor (which is big) at low-water, you'll be carried the last quarter of a mile in a cart.

'However, to come down to the epitaphs : one day I wandered up the hill into the cemetery, ('burying-ground' they call it in the country, you know,) and on a nice white marble stone I found these lines :

'THIS languishing head is at rest,
Its thinking and aching are o'er ;
This quiet, immovable breast
Is *heard* by affliction no more.'

Substitute 'o'er for 'ore,' and 'heaved' for 'heard,' and the lines are more like the original.

'I SEND you,' writes 'H. C.' of Philadelphia, 'another epitaph, picked up in the graveyard at G——. The ring of the poetry is of the 'VILKINS and his DINAH' style : and the last line is so absurd that, although in so solemn a place, I had to roll upon the sod and laugh till I cried. Here is the inscription :

JOHN C. PULVER

DIED

JUNE 17, 1847,

Æ 60 YRS.

ALTHOUGH he is dead, he'll soon be forgot :
His friends and relations remember him not.
Their sighs and their tears they'll soon wipe away :
Oh ! it's here he lies a-mouldering and a-turning to clay.'

'How say you?—is this not good? I hope you'll have a good laugh over it, even if you do n't publish it. Good night!' - - - We adverted, not long since, to certain '*Reminiscences of our Barber-Shops*,' touching which our readers might hear somewhat more hereafter. 'So here goes.' It was PUSSEDU, an Italian, and a pleasant fellow, domiciled at Number 17 Park-Row, who first made our youthful chin, new-reaped, shine like a stubble-field in harvest-home. Brave 'boys' those were, who were similarly treated by him then. 'JIM GRANT' was his oldest apprentice at that time, and 'stood him in good stead,' by his clean and 'handy' manipulation : he took a-hold of one's proboscis so deftly, and held on with so firm a confidence of grip, what time he wielded his hirsute scythe. PUSSEDU was a good, honest-hearted Italian. He would have been a GARIBALDIAN 'up to the hub,' had he lived in this day and generation : two sweet little girls he had, too—little children—whom we used to love to take into our lap and kiss. One of 'em is dead now—olive complexion, reddish (not

red) cheeks, and little short teeth, like milk-white corn-rows on a tender new-husked ear in the early summer-time. The other, we don't know where she is. *She* was very pretty, too. But the father is dead: the mother went before: and yet how many who shall read these lines, will recall PUSSEDU! They be extant ('*some remain unto this present*') who were wont daily to 'patronize' his unostentatious but comfortable establishment: yet many are gone hence, and will be no more seen. Among his daily customers was our genial St. NICHOLAS friend, J —, now a flourishing metropolitan bank-president; JOHN BLAKE, treasurer of the old Park-Theatre, now departed; and Mr. BETTS, a 'good, easy man,' a broker of Wall-street, also not now of this world. One morning PUSSEDU was 'lathering' Mr. BLAKE, when the following colloquy was over-heard: 'Miss'r BLEK, you consider Mr. BETTS a good a-broke?' 'Yes: he is called a very good broker.' 'Ah! but I shall tell you: he say to me: 'PUSSEDU, you have a little money: you buy Vick-is-a-burgh stock: you make moch more:' so I buy five hunder' dollar Vick-is-a-burgh stock at eighty-five cent, and in t'ree week he sell him for fifty — 'in a hurry, too,' he say. Now, Miss'r BLEK, you call zat a good a-broke? *I not!*' Well, finally PUSSEDU left his shop where so much fun had been had by his old customers, and JIM GRANT, afterward a nabob of the Golden State, (to which he was among the first to repair,) reigned for several years in his stead, and *he* was succeeded by one of his best workmen, Mr. AUGUSTUS BLESSING: who ever since, and now, at the south-east corner of Ann-street and Broadway, under the American Museum, sustains the good name of his predecessors, with whom, including himself, we have been so long associated. And here must we speak of some of our later fellow-'shavers,' and especially of one, recently deceased, who was by no means a 'little shaver,' as the phrase is: we mean the late Colonel E. L. SNOW, the well-known advocate of, and effective lecturer upon, the great cause of TEMPERANCE. In this respect, his career is too well known to need further mention at our hands. He was a man of large frame, six-feet-six in height, with a voice like the tearing of a strong rag, and 'a laugh like the neighing of all TATTERSALLS'. He was the greatest 'practical joker' we ever encountered: he was always 'selling' some of Mr. BLESSING's 'patrons.' Let us mention three or four of these amusing 'catches.' One day, when a steamer from Europe had been long expected, and apprehensions of her loss had begun to be widely entertained, 'the COLONEL' entered the shop, and as he was hanging up his hat and coat, exclaimed: 'Well, good news at last: the steamer is in: had a terrible time, though: brought away her pilot; carried away her smoke-pipe, and all that: she had over three hundred passengers.' 'What boat was *that*?' asked a customer eagerly, wiping the lather from his lips, and arresting the barber's hand: 'The '*Montauk*,' the Brooklyn ferry-boat!' answered 'the COLONEL,' without moving a muscle, while the whole shop was in a roar. We recollect his saying once, when the place was full of customers, in a very solemn manner: 'Well, I never want to see such a scrape again, as I saw in Wall-street about twenty minutes ago. There were more than thirty dirty, ill-looking fellows engaged in it, and every man with a weapon in his hand! 'T was a sight you would n't want to see more than once.' 'What 'scrape' *was* that?'

asked two or three startled customers, all in a breath. 'Scraping up dirt in the lower part of Wall-street,' replied the imperturbable SNOW: 'the street-commissioner has set 'em at work at last!' 'Sold again!' was the responsive exclamation. One morning, not two weeks before his death, (which was sudden and unexpected,) he was in the barber's-shop as usual, when a gentleman entered, a customer, whom he knew resided on Staten-Island. 'Were you on the boat, Mr. J——, when those two men walked off? A policeman was telling me about it. People saw 'em talking, and walking toward the end of the boat before they did it.' 'What did they do it for? Were they drowned?' asked Mr. J——. 'Oh! bless you, no: they only came ashore! Perhaps they walked off the boat the same time *you* did!' Ah! he was a rare wag, was 'the COLONEL!'—and a good man. - - - A FRIENDLY correspondent has pleasantly versified an *Anecdote of an old Connecticut Deacon and his Minister*, the pith and conclusion of which we annex. The DEACON, let us premise, had asked the 'good old' MINISTER what he 'supposed the Jews *meant*, by throwing palm-bushes before our SAVIOUR, when he was riding into Jerusalem on 'a colt the foal of an ass,' as recorded in the twenty-first chapter of MATTHEW:

'WHAT *could* they mean,' the DOMINIE replies:
 'As from the crowd the loud hosannahs rise?
 What could they mean, in all which they had done,
 But a grand triumph to King DAVID'S SON?'
 'You *think* so, do ye?' quick the DEACON said,
 (Of priests and commentators 'none afraid:')
 'That 'idee's all a humbug, it strikes me!
 Just look a little deeper, and you'll see
 What a contriving, cunning set they be!
 I want to know if *that* was all their notion,
 In getting up this wonderful commotion?
 I do n't believe a word on't! *They* stick by HIM,
 Who, in a day or two, cried: 'Crucify HIM!'
 You think they meant with honor HIM to deck:
 I b'lieve the rascals meant to break His neck!
 You must be green, or else I am a dolt:
 They meant—them pesky Jews—to *scare the colt!*'

A Connecticut Deacon's 'potent logic!' - - - WE mentioned in the last Children's Gossip, at our *'Little People's Side-Table,'* that room should soon be made for two or three juveniles, who had patiently waited their turn to be presented. Ladies and gentlemen, let us introduce to you two little girls from the far south, and a little boy and little girl from the 'far west' of our own 'Empire State.'

'I HAVE two little fairy sisters; the one a ten-year-old, blue-eyed, golden-haired beauty, with a step light and fleet as a gazelle; the other, an eight-year-old, with great, black, lustrous eyes, like globes of jet, and a countenance in which innocence and earnest truth are gloriously and beautifully blended. One Sabbath evening our mother, as was her custom, had been reading and explaining some of the most beautiful passages of the BIBLE to the young folk, till the younger sister was completely wrapped up in the contemplation of the DERRY. When the evening reading was concluded, I took each by the hand for a walk. The moon was shining in all the beauty of the Night-Queen. When we had walked for some time, all of us wrapped in our own thoughts, the elder, losing the serious cast that had overspread her countenance, suddenly exclaimed: 'O brother! look at the Man in the Moon burning

brush!' The younger raised her serious, earnest face, and her dark eyes that looked as if they had robbed Night of her blackness, and said: 'No, it's not the Man in the Moon: it's God, *sitting on a throne reading the Bible!*'

'LITTLE ELINOR, reading her letters, the other day, got rather careless, so pointing to little *t*, her mamma asked her what they drank at supper-time. She answered 'tea;' her teacher then pointed to the capital of the same name, (and she can 'say all the big ones,') asked, 'What's that?' The answer was, 'Coffee!'

'In one of the recent thunder-storms in this vicinity, a little fellow stood watching the lightning, saying at each flash, 'See it open! see it open, mamma!' but at last one, very near and heavy, laid him half-senseless on the floor. The next morning his father asked him what made him fall down: he said, 'the thunder struck him,' and in reply to *how* it was, he described the flash as 'God looking at him.'

'HARRY B —, a child of four summers, whose fond father took him into the country to get pure air, and plenty of exercise, asked of him one day for a penny. 'What will you do with the penny?' said his father. 'I want to *spit yaller*, same as the MEN do!' responded Master HARRY: 'and I want a penny to buy some yaller lickirish!' What a juvenile 'testimony' this, to be employed by Hon. GRANTLEY BERKLEY, in his English lectures on America!

'Yaller' Tobacco *vs.* 'Yaller Lickirish!' - - - COLONEL PIPES, who loves a good thing' as well as 'the next man,' sends us, as 'immense,' the following circular letter from a Bremen house, to an opulent mercantile firm in this city:

'Dear Sirs: Referring you to our circular - letter of 1st Octobre a. p. we beg leave to put you in mind again of our best services in shipping to your port & vice versa.

'By our regular communication with your place — as from the beginning of spring good vessels are sailing every month — we are enabled to ship pretty quick all your goods, at the average freight of \$ 12—15 per 100 Ob ft. with 5 per cent primage; we beg to invite you therefore to direct all your importations to our place, as no neighboring port affords similar advantages. Besides this communication, we ship to your port via New York every month by the North-German-Lloydscrews; the freight untill New York amounts to \$ 15,, — for cotton-ware and ordinary merchandises; fine goods demand \$ 20,, — per ton of 40 Cubic ft. with 15 per cent primage. By the management of the N. G. Lloyd there is established moreover in conjunction with the Philadelphia Steam Ship Co. a regular weekly line via Hull, Liverpool & New York, by which we ship from here untill your port to the cheap freight of £st 4,, 10 sh. (\$ 4,, 80 c. = 1 £st) per ton of 40 Cubic feet engl. measurement with 5 per cent primage, all charges through England & in New York included: bills of lading untill Philadelphia are signed here by the Lloyd. Especially on this route — showing very advantageous — we direct your kind attention, and by the different freight-comparisons at foot you will please perceive the good profit affording this line.

'Finally we beg to repeat that since many years we are exclusively doing business in the shipping trade, and having to ship nearly every times most part of each cargo, we are able to procure you every possible advantage.

'Solliciting the favour of your kind patronage, we beg to dispose very often of our services and remain,' etc.'

Is there a man, 'until' Philadelphia or New-York, who can furnish a better specimen of 'Dutch-English' than this? - - - The last *Edinburgh Review* has

an instructive, and, in fact, exceedingly eloquent article, upon '*Modern Geographical Researches*.' Take, for example, the subjoined passage: 'How few of the many hundred millions who tenant the earth carry their comprehension beyond the physical conditions immediately surrounding them! How few, even of those better instructed, can truly conceive of the great globe on which they live: loose, as it were, in space, and at every instant changing its place in the heavens; yet bound and tied by gravitation to the greater globe of the sun; revolving every twenty-four hours on its own axis; moving in its annual orbit with a rapidity above a thousand times greater than the speed ever attained by a rail-road express; and, beyond all this, partaking in that mighty movement of the whole solar system, to which the astronomer sees no present limit of time or distance, nor any explanation of the forces, certain and vast though they be, which maintain this mysterious secular change. Those even to whom such astronomical conditions are familiar as facts, have difficulty in bringing the mind to comprehend these complex motions in space, fulfilled by forces which we can define only in their effects, though proved to pervade the universe of worlds.' When we read this fine passage, we instantly recalled these sublime lines from the '*Faust*' of GOETHE, in the '*Prologue in Heaven*,' embraced in the dialogue between RAPHAEL, GABRIEL, and MICHAEL:

RAPHAEL.

'The sun makes music as of old
Amid the rival spheres of Heaven,
On its predestined circle rolled
With thunder speed: the Angels even
Draw strength from gazing on its glance,
Though none its meaning fathom may;
*The world's unwithered countenance
Is bright as at creation's day.*

GABRIEL.

'And swift and swift, with rapid lightness,
*The adorned Earth spins silently,
Alternating Elysian brightness
With deep and dreadful night; the sea
Foams in broad billows from the deep
Up to the rocks; and rocks and ocean,
Onward, with spheres which never sleep,
Are hurried in eternal motion.*

MICHAEL.

'And tempests in contention roar
From land to sea, from sea to land;
And, raging, weave a chain of power
Which girds the earth as with a band.
A flashing desolation there
Flames before the thunder's way;
But THY servants, LORD, revere
The gentle changes of THY day.

CHORUS OF THE THREE.

'The angels draw strength from THY glance,
Though no one comprehend THEE may:
Thy world's unwithered countenance
Is bright as on creation's day.'

Grand as this is, SHELLEY, from whose admirable rendering we quote, says: 'It is impossible to represent in another language the melody of the versifica-

tion: even the volatile strength and delicacy of the ideas escape in the crucible of translation, and the reader is surprised to find a *caput mortuum*.' But *what* a 'caput mortuum!' Observe the Italicised lines. - - - R. M. DE WITT, 13 Frankfort-street, has published, in two very handsome volumes, '*The Attorney*,' and '*Harry Harson*,' from the '*Quod Correspondence*,' in the KNICKERBOCKER,' by JOHN T. IRVING, Esq., originally published in these pages. The first-named work has the intense and *sustained* interest of DICKENS: and the second is like unto it. Say, if you please, that these works are of the '*sensation school*:' possibly: but *if* so, it is simply because the natural, and naturally-recorded facts, *make* them so. Both works will command, as they have heretofore commanded, a wide sale. If present interest, intense, and not to be asuaged, until satisfied, be desired, we can safely predict, that *no* reader can rise from a perusal of these two works, without rendering a deserved tribute of praise to the frank and 'free-spoken' author. - - - An absurd story having been started, and widely circulated by the press, that many of the diamonds and other gems worn at *The Prince-of-Wales' Ball at the Academy of Music*, were *hired* from those eminent and eminently-honorable jewellers, MESSRS. BALL, BLACK AND COMPANY, that distinguished firm deny, in the most explicit terms, that such was the case, in a single instance: beside which, every body knows that 'it was not at all in their way.' - - - We wish that parents — fond mothers and fathers — would pretermit *Baby-Talk to Children*. Talk plainly, in their very dawning, to *them*, while they 'mis-speak half-uttered words,' and they will very soon learn to speak plainly to *you*. Don't talk as if you were learning to speak *their* language. If you wish, for example, to speak of a little bird, *say* a 'little bird,' not 'little birdie:' and let the dear little souls call you by the good old names of 'father' and 'mother,' instead of 'mà' and 'pà.' 'Children' of the largest kind of 'growth' in Philadelphia, adopt these lactiverous diminutives in addressing their aged 'forbears,' while infantile animalculæ of their own are 'mewling and puking in the nurse's arms.' 'Mà' and 'Pà!'—bah! We overhear a good deal of this 'Baby-Talk,' going to and returning daily from town, on the trains of our Northern Rail-road of New-Jersey. This is the latest specimen: and we cite it because, to adopt a common phrase, it is 'in poetry:'

'YA-E-S, 'ittle childy-pildy,
It shall ridy-pidy
In the coachy-poachy,
And see the 'ittle wheelsy-peelsy
Go roundy-poundy!'

'YA-E-S, it *shall*!'—and a mother's kiss ends the 'poem,' and the infantile blue eyes look 'wild and wondering' upon the swiftly-passing landscape. 'High old style' of 'juvenile converse' this, and all 'the likes of it!' Let mothers be advised, and pretermit it. - - - ONE of the most beautiful illustrated books we have ever seen from an American press is *Bryant's Forest-Hymn*, published by MESSRS. W. A. TOWNSEND AND COMPANY. The volume consists of thirty-two pages, each page containing, beside the letter-press, an illustration. The paper is of the finest character, and of a delicate tint, as the way is with the best of English books of this class. But its peculiar value is in the illustrations,

These are by Mr. JOHN A. HOWS, a young artist of American birth, who has made himself, by long study, familiar with American scenery and foliage. His drawing is exquisite. He has caught the very spirit of the poem, and in earth, and sky, and tree, and flower, reproduces with his pencil the scene which the poet depicts with his glowing pen. Mr. BRYANT is fortunate in finding so congenial an artist. - - - THOSE who have accused FORREST of being incapable of expressing the more tender and pathetic emotions, should have heard him pronounce *his* part of the subjoined passage the other evening in his great character of LEAR:

- COR. : HAD you not been their father, these white flakes
 Had challenged pity of them. Was this a face
 To be exposed against the warring winds?
 To stand against the deep dread-bolted thunder?
 In the most terrible and nimble stroke
 Of quick, cross-lightning? to watch (poor perdu!)
 With this thin helm? Mine enemy's dog,
 Though he had bit me, should have stood that night
 Against my fire: And wast thou fain, poor father!
 To hovel thee with swine, and rogues forlorn,
 In short and musty straw? Alack! alack!
 'T is wonder, that thy life and wits at once
 Had not concluded all. He wakes: speak to him.
- PHYS. : Madam, do you: 't is fittest.
- COR. : How does my royal lord? How fares your majesty?
- LEAR : You do me wrong, to take me out of the grave:
 Thou art a soul in bliss; but I am bound
 Upon a wheel of fire, that mine own tears
 Do scald like molten lead.
- COR. : Sir, do you know me?
- LEAR : You are a spirit, I know; when did you die?
- COR. : Still, still far wide!
- PHYS. : He's scarce awake; let him alone awhile.
- LEAR : Where have I been? Where am I? Fair day-light?
 I am mightily abused. I should even die with pity
 To see another thus. I know not what to say.
 I will not swear, these are my hands: let's see:
 I feel this pin prick. 'Would I were assured
 Of my condition.
- COR. : Oh! look upon me, Sir,
 And hold your hands in benediction o'er me:
 Nay, Sir, you must not kneel.
- LEAR : *Pray do not mock me:
 I am a very foolish, fond old man,
 Fourscore and upward; and, to deal plainly,
 I fear I am not in my perfect mind.
 Methinks I should know you, and know this man;
 Yet I am doubtful: for I am mainly ignorant
 What place this is: and all the skill I have
 Remembers not these garments; nor I know not
 Where I did lodge last night: do not laugh at me:
 For, as I am a man, I think this lady
 To be my child, CORDELIA.*
- COR. : And so I am! — I am!
- LEAR : Be your tears wet? Yes, 'faith. I pray, weep not:
 If you have poison for me, I will drink it.
 I know you do not love me; for your sisters
 Have, as I do remember, done me wrong:
 You have some cause, they have not.
- COR. : No cause, no cause.
- LEAR : Am I in France?
- KENT : In your own kingdom, Sir.
- LEAR : Do not abuse me.
- PHYS. : Be comforted, good madam: the great rage,
 You see, is cured in him: and yet it is danger

To make him even o'er the time he has lost.
Desire him to go in : trouble him no more
Till further settling.

COR. : Will't please your highness walk ?

LEAR : You must bear with me :

Pray now, forget and forgive : I am old, and foolish.'

When this touching dialogue was pronounced, out of all the vast audience which crowded the theatre from pit to dome, we scarcely saw a dry eye : and *this* was 'testimony!' - - - 'I HAVE in my possession,' writes 'C. L. G.,' from Ralston, Lycoming County, (Penn.,) 'a manuscript, the production of a 'Boss-Carpenter.' It is entitled, '*A History of the South Mountain*;' and, to use his own words: 'If you was to search the Libraries of New-York, Boston, and Philadelphia, you cannot find any thing to eq'al it.' 'Such being the case,' and knowing your partiality for 'uncommon' Literary Items, I send you a 'sample,' and if you like it you can have the remainder by dropping me a line :'

'The Stony Patch,

AS COMPARED WITH THE ROCKY MOUNTAINS.

'I WILL retrace now back to the 'Stony Patch,' to speak of it as regards its peculiar foundation. Some folks might say that this is in particular one of the works of nature: but *I* say it is *not* one of the works of nature, because of its foundation being permanent; and therefore, because of its foundation being as a solid foundation. And then, again: I see not the works of nature upon it, because of its lofty tall trees that bows their heads in obedience to their CREATOR, who planted the tall forests, and holds forth the universe. Here we speak forth the works of nature. NATURE, when well refined, shows forth her own moral influence, and seeks her own best interests.

'I met an Indian on this mountain — on the entire 'Stony Patch.' This Indian, I was told, was a-viewing of this mountain through its entire settlement. He stopped to a man's house by the name of SERGEANT. He opened the door a very little ways, and then peeked through the crack of the door, to view the people in the room. The people was somewhat afraid of the Indian, on seeing him peek about the room. I expect that Indian was a-searching that entire mountain to know where he would be liable to find some minerals. I s'pose this Indian was from the Rocky Mountains: and why I *say* so, is because I spoke to him concerning the rugged 'Stony Patch,' and the 'Rocky Mountains;' and he seemed to smile some, when I spoke of the Rocky Mountains. As this Indian left me, he passed over the rugged steep.' Then follows '*A Few Lines on Nature*:'

'KING BELSHASSAR saw a hand upon the wall
That wrote his sudden and dreadful fall
In living characters unknown!
No wonder this King faltered,
When the high hand of HEAVEN made him a call:
This King trembled at his fall,
When he saw the writing on the wall:
Oh! view this wicked King!
When his memory was jogged,
And his head begin to ring.'

'SOLUM, the Hermit of Aleova,' although master of a unique prose style, could not exceed this, when 'fettered with the clogs of verse.' We 'drop a line' *here*,

to our correspondent, to say, that we *do n't* want the 'remainder,' of the Boss-Carpenter's 'poem.' Let him 'shake the superflux' to some brother editor of Gotham, who may have 'ample room and verge enough' for such extr'or'nary-'or'nary' effusions. - - - GENERAL WASHINGTON, it has often been mentioned by his biographers, seldom laughed, and never joked. We have certainly seen *one* 'sly joke' of his, although we cannot at this moment recall it: and '*How the Man Looked whom Washington saw in a Looking-Glass,*' recorded in the recent work of the late GEORGE WASHINGTON CUSTIS, mentions another, which is almost equally good: 'Miss CUSTIS, afterward Mrs. LAW, (she having married Mr. LAW, the brother of Lord ELLENBOROUGH,) WASHINGTON's grand-daughter, on a visit to Mrs. STUART, after the death of WASHINGTON, said to Mrs. STUART, that she was with the GENERAL during his sittings for his portrait by her husband; and that at his last sitting she was asked to examine it carefully, and to say whether she could see any thing which required alteration. At her request, the GENERAL seated himself at the side of the picture, and Miss CUSTIS said it seemed like a reflection in a looking-glass, General WASHINGTON was then asked what he thought of it, and he replied: 'It looks like a man I see when I shave.' Very fair for General WASHINGTON: but very much better 'things' have been said since! - - - THE following was '*Written for the Knickerbocker by James Sunny:*' the same gifted bard who recently sang in these pages the praises of a certain 'Blooming Hotel' in Broadway, in which he is not '*a waiter,*' ('oh! by no means, certainly not,') but a 'section-captain' over several of that useful class. SUNNY! — 'once more your hand!' SUNNY, you are a philosopher and an atmospherologist: '*Nihil tetigit quod non ornavit.*'

'Atmosphere.

'THE atmosphere is most essential
To the globe that we inhabit:
A most striking proof of divine skill
It truly does exhibit.

'It's now ascertained to be a substance,
Formed chiefly of ingredients
Termed oxygen and nitrogen:
On earth there's nothing more expedient.

'The word 'atmosphere' may be applied
To the whole mass of fluid air,
Which gravitates to the earth,
And revolves with it every where.

'It has been computed to extend
Five-and-forty miles above the earth:
It presses on it like a friend,
Proportioned to its height and worth.

'Indeed, great experiments were made
By NEWTON's true Barometer,
Which ascertained its height and weight,
As true as time is by a chronometer.

'The atmospheric pressure on the earth
Is fifteen pounds on a square inch:
What is the pressure on a man
That carries fourteen tons and cannot flinch!

- 'It's counterbalanced as we breathe
By the air that springs within us;
If its properties were destroyed
Our finer vessels would burst momentous.
- 'This amazing pressure on the surface,
It's like the Balm of Consolation
That prevents the sun from converting water
Into a vaporous dissipation.
- 'It is the medium of sounds
By which our knowledge is conveyed;
Through the ministration of the air
Distress or joy can be conveyed.
- 'It swells the notes of the nightingale
With all the harmonies man can assert:
It distributes alike to every ear
The melodious sound of a sweeter concert.'

This scientific poem leads us to ask why certain of our perambulating poetical lecturers do not adapt [philosophy, astronomy, and chemistry to the 'easy comprehension' of their audiences? - - - THOMAS QUINLAN LANE, long connected with the KNICKERBOCKER, as its faithful Clerk and Collector, is now no more. He was a true, a faithful MAN. Our intercourse with him was a daily intercourse, for many years. How often has his clear, mercantile hand-writing, upon packages from town in winter, satisfied and cheered us! Whatever pleased *us*, pleased *him*, through all the years with which he was connected with our Magazine. 'Poor Tom's a-cold,' now: but glad are we to know that his two bright, handsome little children — thanks to the kind care of the good PRIEST who visited and watched over him and them to the last — are adopted by two childless parents, and are insured comfort, education, affection, and a *home*: and are in the way of a position which their departed father could never have hoped to attain for them. Our friend Mr. LANE was of a good family in Ireland: and he honored his family in his blameless career while in our employ. 'Peace to his ashes!' is all we can add now. - - - THERE is not a little good sense, and good sense forcibly and simply expressed, too, in the following, for the transmission of which to us, we have to thank a new and obliging Buffalo correspondent, who says: 'Speaking about enemies: I heard a man to-day, with a 'toddy' of strong waters in his hand, and a soft, melting, Brobdignagian segar in his mouth, gesticulating violently, and anathematizing certain of his '*Enemies*.' I knew him; and knew that I might safely so far 'intrude,' as to take out from a compartment of my not over-well-filled *portmonnaie* the following, and read it to him, which I did, to his equal disgust and discomfiture: 'ENEMIES! — talk about 'ENEMIES!' We don't believe a word of it. We very much doubt whether you have an enemy in the world — unless, indeed, it is yourself; for in spite of any amount of *amour-propre*, a man may be his own enemy, and a very dangerous one, too. But as to the rest of mankind, do n't mention 'em. There is no arrogance so obvious and egregious as that of people who are perpetually talking of their 'enemies.' The fact is, enemies are about as hard to find as friends. To be entitled to enemies, you must be a very great man, or a very bad one: you must have got them either by doing bold deeds, or mean ones, or both. Generally, when you hear a man bragging of his enemies, he means to give you a vast idea of his own importance, or else he hopes to attri-

bute to others the result of his own follies, blunders, or vices. But you are sure you have enemies, for all that. Possibly: but many a man thinks so, simply because he is disagreeable to some people. *'They don't like him,'* as the phrase is: but so far from being his enemies, they take the greatest pains to keep out of his way, and think of him just as little as possible. They do n't hate him so much as they despise him, and they rarely trouble themselves to do either. No: the man who boasts of his enemies generally lies about it, or deserves them. A good man may have opponents; an enterprising man will have competitors; but few men are formidable enough to have any 'enemies' worth bragging off.' An undeniable fact! - - - THE KNICKERBOCKER for January will contain the first number of Mr. RICHARD B. KIMBALL'S new romance, entitled *Revelations of Wall-Street*: embracing the private history of CHARLES ELIAS PARKINSON. The scene is laid in the street aforesaid, among 'Bulls' and 'Bears' and 'Curb-stone' brokers and note-shavers, and stock-speculators and bankers, and millionaires. These individuals should take a look into the pages of the January number, where, peradventure, some of them will behold their face as in a mirror; for although the work deals not in personalities, still the general characterization is correct, and the verisimilitude preserved; so that he who runs will be able to read his neighbor's portraiture, if he is not willing to recognize his own. Therefore, gentlemen, forward your subscriptions: 'pay down your money, and take your choice.' - - - A MIGHTY stride is sometimes taken in 'jumping at conclusions,' and never a longer or funnier one than JIM H — took when he came home rather drunk, and thought he would 'put a stop' to his wife from getting across the road to a neighbor's pump for a pail of water. She went, however, in spite of his remonstrances; but a wise after-thought of his muddled brain was to take the lane-gate off its hinges, and stagger with it beside the fence, so that she could not *open* it on her return! 'She could not swing it round any way:' and *he thought* she couldn't get home again! This out-TOODLES TOODLES. - - - OUR newsman, at the foot of Cedar-Hill, 'got off' a good Dutch pun the other day. A political 'division' had got out a glaring hand-bill, headed, *'Come! Arouse!'* 'To which thus' uncle HAESSELBARTH, (who is of the opposite faction,) in his quiet way: 'Oh! that's *'Nixcomearouse!'*' - - - THERE were handed to us the other morning, at the CRAYON ART-GALLERY, in Broadway, three plates, representing the discovery, or invention, of Mr. WILLIAM PAGE, the distinguished American artist, of *The Human Figure in strictly Geometrical Proportions*. This, briefly stated, in his extended explanations of the plates, will convey his idea to the minds of at least all our artist-readers. Mr. PAGE says:

'The proportions of the human figure, as seen in these drawings, are strictly geometrical; that is, they are to be measured in the actual figure by a straight line in a plane parallel to the planes in which the points indicated are situated; or by a rule, whereon the divisions may be marked corresponding to those of the height or breadth of the man. They will be found to be identical with the proportions of the famous 'Egyptian Standard,' known by the various names of the 'Egyptian APOLLO,' the 'Water-Carrier,' or the 'Egyptian ANTINOUS,' as well as with those of the best remains of Greek Art, in the figures of 'THESEUS' and 'ILYSSUS,' by PHIDIAS, from the Parthenon, now among the Elgin Marbles at the British Museum.'

Brief Notices of New Publications.

WASHINGTON IRVING'S WORKS.—We have already had occasion to bestow warm commendation upon the National Edition of IRVING, now being issued by G. P. PUTNAM, Nassau-street. The latest volume, just published, is the first of the *Life and Voyages of Columbus*, to be completed in three volumes. It gives its hero's career, from his birth, to the fall of 1494, when, mind and body both exhausted by anxiety and toil, he returned to Hispaniola, after having discovered Jamaica. This was after he had completed his second voyage from Spain. The narrative of the discovery of the New World, and of the difficulties which COLUMBUS had to battle with, before his plans were adopted, is written in IRVING's most natural and impressive manner. The volume is richly illustrated. There are two engravings on steel: a portrait of COLUMBUS, and WILKIE's picture of him, showing his plans at the Convent of La Rabida. The engravings on wood, reduced fac-similes of the original, which were lately reproduced in Mr. J. JAY SMITH's second volume of 'Historical and Literary Curiosities,' include designs from THEODORE DE BRY's remarkably curious voyages, and other rare works: namely, Portrait and Autograph of COLUMBUS; departure on his first voyage, and taking leave of the King and Queen; COLUMBUS and the Egg; COLUMBUS on the deck of his ship; a Caraval under sail; the Ship of COLUMBUS; Insula Hyspania, or St. Domingo; the building of Fort ISABELLA; the Arms of COLUMBUS: a Medal of COLUMBUS; his house at Genoa; Galley coasting the Island of Hispaniola, supposed to have been sketched by the Great Admiral himself. These engravings considerably enhance the value of the work by increasing its interest.

ENTERTAINING BOOKS FOR THE YOUNG.—MESSRS. W. A. TOWNSEND AND COMPANY have published three illustrated and (considering their merit and external execution) cheap volumes, which our young readers will be likely to hail with satisfaction. An esteemed contemporary thus refers to them: '*The War Tiger*,' and '*The White Elephant*,' salute us: duodecimos both, and both by DALTON. The former is a little tale of the Conquest of China, and professes to detail the adventures and wonderful fortunes of the young sea-chief and his lad CHOW. The title is inviting; the wood-cuts are seductive; but we are too remote yet from Christmas to go back to boyhood and indulge a still juvenile taste. As for the *White Elephant*, though we should enjoy passing half an hour with him and with his associates '*The Hunters of Ava and the King of the Golden Foot*,' we resist even HARRISON WEIR's capital illustrations, and turn to other duties. Yet how we are beset by youngsters and what is prepared for them! Here is another tome from the same quarter, and of the same kind, though more serious and profitable, '*Famous Boys: and how they Became Great Men*.' You can imagine who they all are—their biographies have been so many times written—and if you cannot, it is easy to ascertain.—The 'wee'-er younglings of our Republic owe a debt of gratitude to Messrs. CROSBY, NICHOLS, LEE AND COMPANY, for two little juvenile box-libraries, six small illustrated books in each: very pretty stories, and very pretty pictures.

MRS. GREY'S NEW NOVEL.—For the last twenty years, MRS. GREY, an English authoress of great ability, has published about one work of fiction annually. '*The Belle of the Family*,' '*The Young Prima Donna*,' '*Sibyl Lennard*,' and '*The Gambler's Wife*,' are the best known of her works in this country: and their great popularity has been attributed to their author's evident knowledge of the manifold phases of English society. T. B. PETERSON AND BROTHERS, of Philadelphia, have published, simultaneously with its appearance in London, a new and fascinating novel by MRS. GREY, called '*The Little Beauty*.' We have read it with attention and pleasure, because the characters are natural and the incidents striking, without being forced.

New Music.

MESSRS. WILLIAM HALL AND SON, 543 Broadway, New-York, have issued '*Prrière*,' another of FRADEL's series of piano-forte duetts. This is a very easy but attractive piece. '*The Dream of Love*,' song: composed by H. RODWELL, and newly arranged and harmonized by W. H. CURRIE. '*Oh! Sing that Melody Again*,' composed by J. GROSCHEL: a pleasant mezzo-soprano or baritone song. '*Thine, thine, and only Thine*,' ballad: words by Gen. G. P. MORRIS, music by J. R. THOMAS. '*Jeunesse*,' mazurka brillante, composée par L. M. GOTTSCHALK. '*'Tis Sweet to Think of Those we Love*,' by J. R. THOMAS, an effective baritone song.

MESSRS. FIRTH, POND AND COMPANY, 547 Broadway, New-York, have issued '*Dirie's Land*,' with brilliant variations, by CHARLES GROBE. '*I Know a pair of Hazel Eyes*,' song, composed by G. STIGELLI: a melody that will be popular. Second military polka, '*The Fifers of the Guard*,' as played by the Seventh Regiment Band, composed by J. ASCHER. '*Rosemary Waltzes*,' composed by J. A. FOWLER. These waltzes are arranged for two pianos, eight hands: are simple and melodious, and will be useful for school exhibitions. '*Sky-Rockets*,' a quick-step, as played by Seventh Regiment Band: composed by C. S. GRAFULLA. '*Sweet Evening Hour*,' quartette, composed by S. LAURENCE.

KNICKERBOCKER PREMIUMS.

We offer, as will be seen by our Prospectus, to each subscriber to the KNICKERBOCKER for 1861, as a premium, the choice of the two very fine Steel-plate Engravings, '*ROBERT BURNS IN HIS COTTAGE COMPOSING THE COTTON'S SATURDAY NIGHT*,' and the '*MERRY-MAKING IN THE OLDEN TIME*.' The first of these pictures—BURNS—has been engraved by the distinguished American artist, JOHN C. McRAE, after the celebrated painting by Sir WILLIAM ALLAN: and represents BURNS in his humble home, clad in the homely garb in which he was wont to tread the fields, his dog at his feet and his pen in his hand, musing seriously over those immortal utterances that found vent in the exquisite lyric above named. The portrait is perfect, and the picture executed in the highest style of art. Its size is sixteen by twenty-one inches; and its publication price is two dollars.

The other engraving we offer as a premium, the '*MERRY-MAKING*,' is a perfect copy of FIRTH's celebrated picture, and was engraved at an expense of two thousand dollars. It measures twenty-five by nineteen and a half inches in size, contains thirty-nine figures, and is, beyond comparison, the finest work of the kind ever offered as a premium in this country. The following description of it is furnished us by WILLIAM CULLEN BRYANT, Esq.:

'ALMOST in the centre of the picture and a little in the back-ground, is a country-dance on the green, with a hard-featured fiddler perched on a high seat, and another musician in a tie-wig standing by him, playing with all their might. On the right, two bouncing girls are gaily pulling toward the dance a gray-haired man, who seems vainly to remonstrate that his 'dancing days are over,' while a waggish little chit pushes him forward from behind, greatly to the amusement of his spouse, who is still sitting at the tea-table, from which he has been dragged. On the left, under a magnificent spreading oak, sit the 'Squire and his wife, whom a countryman with his hat off is respectfully inviting to take part in the dance. To the left of the 'Squire is a young couple on the grass, to whom a gipsy, with an infant on her shoulder, is telling their fortune. Over the shoulders of this couple is seen a group engaged in quoit-playing, and back of the whole is a landscape of gentle slopes and copses.'

No similar opportunity will be presented the public for obtaining these very fine engravings.